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The Shape of Things

NEWS FROM INDIA IS VERY DISTURBING. The specter of famine looming more and more menacingly over the country, added to an already tense political situation, may serve to produce a nation-wide explosion. Last month's riots in Bombay, which grew out of a celebration of the birthday of S. C. Bose, dead leader of the Japanese-created "Indian Nationalist Army," have been followed by an even more serious outbreak in Calcutta occasioned by a prison sentence imposed on an ex-officer of that army. Actually Bose's followers have been treated with great leniency; this particular man, who had been found guilty of brutality to Allied prisoners, is the only one of those tried whose sentence has not been fully commuted. But Indian Nationalists have reacted against the prosecution of any of the Bose group; they regard them as true, if misguided, patriots and lose no opportunity to exploit them as martyrs to British imperialism. The fact is that politically conscious Indians, whether Hindu or Moslem, are in a belligerent and uncompromising mood. Jinnah, leader of the Moslem League, is adamant in his demands for Pakhistan—a separate Moslem state composed of six provinces of northern India. If the British attempt to institute an All-India constitution, he told a *New York Times* correspondent recently, the Moslems will revolt. But it is even more certain that British indorsement of Pakhistan would be bitterly opposed by the Indian National Congress which stands for a united India. This issue has blocked all previous efforts of the Viceroy, Lord Wavell, to organize a representative government and seems likely to stymie his new proposal for a national administration, including both Congress and Moslem League leaders, to cope with the food crisis. Out of its golden Indian flask British imperialism has raised genii which it can neither subdue nor appease. It is difficult to see how a bloody showdown can long be postponed.

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UNDER JOHN RANKIN'S SHRILL LEADERSHIP the House Committee on Un-American Activities has become more authoritarian in its methods than its notorious predecessor—the Dies Committee. Dr. Edward K. Barsky, chairman of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, has been threatened with contempt charges for

refusing to turn over the organization's books and records, thus terminating its relief work. The Refugee Committee has taken the seemingly reasonable position that as a relief agency under the supervision of the President's War Relief Control Board, it does not fall within the Rankin Committee's legitimate scope of investigation. Several other organizations whose activities are politically objectionable to Representative Rankin, such as the National Federation of Constitutional Liberties and the National Committee to Combat anti-Semitism, have similarly been called on the carpet, while Gerald L. K. Smith received a cordial welcome and was permitted to use the committee as a sounding-board. But even this outrageous abuse of a congressional committee's powers pales beside the presumptuousness of its chief counsel, Ernie Adamson, in sending letters to numerous organizations and individuals, including Columnist Drew Pearson, protesting against their use of the term "democracy" and implying that anyone using this word is seeking to undermine the American "republican" form of government. This proved too much for even some members of the committee and Mr. Adamson's days as counsel are said to be numbered. But the only way to save the country from the indignity of these repeated witch-hunts is to abolish the committee.

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THE BERMUDA AIR CONFERENCE ENDED IN an agreement so favorable to this country that not even the most dunderheaded congressman can complain that once more John Bull has outsmarted Uncle Sam. In fact, if there is any difficulty in ratification of the agreement, it is likely to be at Westminster rather than Washington. The terms provide the United States with every opportunity to maintain its long lead in international air travel. It is not possible here even to summarize a long and complex document. We note, however, as particularly important the grant by Britain of "fifth freedom" rights which were the biggest stumbling block at Chicago. This means that American transatlantic planes will be able to pick up passengers in Britain for destinations in other countries and will thus be able to operate profitably over long routes crossing several frontiers.

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British planes reaching this country will enjoy a similar privilege but geography makes fifth-freedom rights in North America of less value than in Europe. Another concession made by the British was abandonment of their demand for control of frequencies—that is of the number of flights daily or weekly over any particular route. Fares, it was agreed—and this was our chief concession—were to be approved by the International Air Transport Association, subject to review by each government. By this means it is hoped to avoid rate-cutting wars and competitive subsidization, while providing machinery to insure that lower costs will be passed on to the customers. It seems probable that the Bermuda document will serve as a model for agreements with other European countries. The diplomatic fog, which has been keeping international aviation grounded, is beginning to lift.

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BY THE DEATH OF WILLIAM ALLAN NIELSON the cause of freedom and enlightenment is poorer today. Never was there an American who gave himself more generously or with less thought of his own convenience or prestige. Never was there a "reformer" freer from solemnity or pretension. Dr. Nielson's unfailing humor and serenity were reflected in his smile and in his gentle, sagacious manner. But they were nourished by the profound scholarship which gave richness to all his thinking. He was witty; he was provocative; he was irreverent. During his long years as president of Smith College he was all but worshiped by the students, whom he insisted on treating like rational adults rather than capricious school children. He was very clean in his beliefs and stood up for them with an unshakable simplicity more impressive than the loud protests of others.

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THE CATHOLIC CARDINALS' MARCH ON ROME became for a few days number one on the best-seller list for the American press, radio, and newsreel. The United Nations Assembly, New York's tugboat strike, and Harold Ickes managed to stay on the front page, but the report of imminent famine on an unprecedented scale barely made page six. For the cardinals meant color, medieval pageantry, theater, in a land which is surfeited with tales of human misery. Pleasant human-interest stories filtered back from Rome—the unfortunate tailor faced with the necessity of throwing together a simple little cardinal's ensemble valued at \$6,000, "and, mon vieux, you know how scarce silk is these days!" Forty rooms reserved at the Grand Hotel for the New York cardinal-designate and family—"Don Juan, the Spanish pretender lived here and was married here . . . frequented by monarchs, diplomats, financial rulers . . ." The Gripsholm sailing out of New York harbor laden with episcopal victuals so that "the Italian people now suffering great privation would not be deprived of their meager food supplies." The airliner Star of Rome at La

Guardia, the Star of Rome at Gander, the Star of Rome at Shannon, the Star of Rome at Paris, the Star of Rome at Rome. How far we have advanced since the days of that primitive journey to the other Holy City—by donkey.

★

TO EARL BROWDER HAS COME THE PAINFUL realization that a man's communism may slip imperceptibly into an ism new to him and to the world. With his expulsion from the party last week, comrades everywhere were summoned to the "struggle against Browderism." We telephoned the office where Mr. Browder publishes an organ called *Distributors' Guide*, hoping to learn something about the philosophic basis of the new ism, but no information was forthcoming. In view of the suddenness with which it was forced upon him, it may well be that Mr. Browder has not yet worked out its principles. If so, he has our sympathy; we can imagine few situations more awkward than that of a man with an ism on his hands and no ideology to talk about. Browder's fate should be a warning to his former comrades to store away at the back of their heads a reserve ideology against the day when they find themselves the founder of a new ism. No one can say when a public speech by a Communist leader in Paris or Johannesburg may change William Z. Foster's communism into Fosterism; when a magic word uttered in Moscow may give the world Molotovism or Vishinskyism. Life is simpler for bourgeois politicians; a Cabinet member is thrown to the wolves but no one is warned to beware of Ickesism.

★

THE CLEARANCE OF ANDREW ROTH BRINGS tardily to a close the "Case of the Six," one of the few lapses in the unhysterical war record of the Justice Department. And even this lapse should be scored against State rather than Justice—the old State Department with the Far East branch bossed by Grew and Dooman, for whom liberal criticism was tantamount to treason.

★

WHEN DOUBTING DEMOCRATS BEGAN TO question the intention of the Argentine government to hold an honest election next Sunday, the Foreign Minister, Juan Isaac Cooke, issued a challenge to foreign correspondents to come and see for themselves. In a dispatch from Buenos Aires on January 29, Señor Cooke said: "I extend . . . a formal and concrete invitation to the press of all countries who may want to send their representatives to follow at first hand not only the election itself but the pre-electoral campaigns." *The Nation* has taken up Mr. Cooke's offer. Freda Kirchwey left this week for Buenos Aires to report the election and its results. Her first dispatch will appear in our next issue.

J. Alvarez del Vayo's page, The People's Front, has been omitted from this issue because he is now en route to France. His first cable from Paris appears next week.

UNO—Act I

THE first session of the UNO proved more dramatic than had been expected before the curtain rose. From the moment Iran sent its appeal to the Security Council the plot thickened rapidly, and the action became fast and furious. Believing that Britain was egging Teheran on, the Russian delegation retaliated with a series of countercharges, and thereafter Bevin and Vishinsky held the center of the stage, exchanging verbal blows with more gusto than discretion. Yet this sub-plot seems to have been based on the hackneyed theme of mistaken identity, for it turned out that actually it was Britain that had been holding Iran back while the United States encouraged it to go ahead. Even when this became clear, however, the Soviet delegates did not revise their lines. Playing for the colonial gallery, they stuck to Britain as the obvious and vulnerable object of attack.

In the world audience there was disagreement about which protagonist was the villain. The Communist clique in all countries naturally cheered Vishinsky and hissed Bevin; Britons of almost all political views cheered Bevin and hissed Vishinsky. Our view, which we believe a good many American liberals will share, is that there was more than a touch of ham about both actors. Both contrived to give a melodramatic twist to a play that was far too serious for overacting to be tolerated.

If we are to understand what has been happening in London we must get away from black-and-white interpretations of the Anglo-Russian duel. There are those who see the Soviets picking on a temporarily weak Britain, intent on disintegrating its empire as a first step toward world hegemony; there are those who insist that Britain is spearheading a world-wide conspiracy to encircle and crush Russia. We believe that both these schools of thought are wrong, and that neither country is bent on aggression. Their tactics at the UNO meeting, offensive in form as they were, appear to us to have been basically defensive.

There are good reasons why both Britain and Russia should be haunted by a sense of insecurity at this time. Britain, economically debilitated by the war, is more than usually sensitive to any threat to its empire and trading routes, for it depends on these for recovery, especially if American assistance is not forthcoming. Russian moves in Iran, pressures on Turkey, demands for positions in the Mediterranean and Red Sea, all touch exposed nerves. But the Soviets also feel threatened. They see themselves as isolated in an unfriendly world, subjected constantly to ferocious attacks in capitalist countries. They see Britain and America flirting with reactionary forces in many parts of the world, and note fearfully the support given to such men as General Anders, who commands a sizable army dedicated to revenging Poland's loss of territory. Moreover, despite

its vast area, the U. S. S. R. remains landlocked. Without full access to the oceans it fears its world position will be inferior to that of America or Britain.

During the UNO sessions the bulletin of the Soviet embassy in London published an article declaring: "Britain and the Soviet Union have an equal interest in keeping the Mediterranean open. What is wanted is clear recognition of the strategic needs of the U. S. S. R. . . . The trouble between Britain and the Soviet Union today is directly traceable to the fact that, contrary to all expectations, the present British government has embraced in full the British policy of the nineteenth century vis-à-vis czarist Russia." Of course Britain might well retort that the trouble is due to the fact that a supposedly anti-imperialist Russia has resurrected all the imperialist ambitions of its predecessors. But such recriminations do not provide any solution to the problem.

Is a solution to be found by admitting Russia's claims, which undeniably have validity, and affording it the opportunity to acquire Mediterranean bases which will balance those possessed by Britain? It is difficult to believe that this would lead to anything but an armament race, accompanied by intrigues by both powers among the smaller nations bordering the Mediterranean. The suspicions which Britain and Russia now entertain about each other would be tremendously enhanced, and eventually war would follow.

The Mediterranean should not be treated as the private lake of any power or combination of powers. Its security is of vital interest to all the countries bordering it, and it provides a world route used by every maritime nation. The Mediterranean, therefore, should be open to all peaceful states and dominated by none. Its proper guardian is the UNO.

The suggestion has been made that Tripoli, which commands the narrow waist of the Mediterranean, should become a trusteeship of the Big Four powers. This would be a step in the right direction, but it would leave Britain in command of most of the other strategic bases in the area. To make the sea a truly international highway, it would be necessary for Britain to offer to place Gibraltar, Malta, and Suez under a similar trusteeship, provided that Russia surrendered all claims to an exclusive position in relation to the Dardanelles.

The United States is in an excellent position to take the initiative in pressuring a solution of this kind. We should point out to Britain that if it adopts a purely stand-pat position in the Mediterranean it is likely to get the worst of it. It has not the strength to offset Russian pressure indefinitely, and while we are vitally concerned in British survival and prosperity, we are not able to underwrite the British Empire. Realism, therefore, demands admission of Russia to a share in Mediterranean control under conditions effectively neutralizing that sea.

If this can be accomplished, the drama of UNO's Act I will have served a great purpose by exposing clearly

a dangerous conflict. But if remedies are sought in power politics, succeeding acts are likely to see Britain and Russia locked in a struggle of growing intensity—a struggle which can only end in tragedy.

Beyond the Blue Book

ARGENTINA'S government, wholly under the thumb of Presidential candidate Juan Perón, has made the retort obvious to the State Department's accusation that it collaborated with Hitler while "at war" with Germany. Publication of the American Blue Book, says Foreign Minister Cooke, is an interventionist move intended to beat Perón in the forthcoming election.

We have no doubt that the State Department would like nothing better than Perón's defeat, and the timing of its exposé is hardly calculated to swing votes his way. If that be intervention, let the political purists make the most of it. But all the evidence indicates that the election was a secondary consideration. The truth is that Assistant Secretary of State Braden, like everyone else who has closely followed affairs in the Argentine, believes that Perón cannot lose at the polls. The purged army is his, and the police force is his—and it is the army and the police that will "protect" the sanctity of the Argentine ballot. If they are inadequate for the job, there is always Perón's private army of thugs to back them up. Mr. Braden, we believe, was looking beyond the "election" of the Colonel when he let loose his damning indictment. He had his eye on the Inter-American Conference to be held at Rio de Janeiro next month, at which a mutual-assistance pact is to be proposed calling for a permanent military agency for hemispheric defense.

Mr. Braden has said more than once that this country will not sit down at such a conference with an Argentine regime of the Peronist persuasion. We will not be party to a pact calling for defense of the Americas alongside a clique that did its best to open the hemisphere to the enemy. The primary purpose of the Blue Book, we believe, is to demonstrate that Perón and his gang are guilty of precisely that crime. Both Braden and Secretary Byrnes know the danger of unilateral action, and their broadside is addressed not so much to the Argentine people as to the governments of the other Latin American republics, because only with their consent and approval can the Argentines be barred at Rio. Their wariness of a revived "interventionism" in Washington is deep-seated and natural, as Robert Bendiner points out in his article on Braden elsewhere in this issue.

The carefully documented Blue Book, based on papers discovered in Germany, should overcome their doubts. Giving names, places, and dates, it shows beyond argument that from the beginning of the war to the end the Argentine government and army hoped and worked for a German victory. It exposes the negotiations with Nazi

agents, all identified, whereby Argentina was to send food, quinine, iodine, oils, mica, platinum, and other critically needed items to Spain for reshipment to the German war machine; in return for which the Franco government was to sell Argentina arms and other war materials obtained from Germany. It uncovers the secret organization of Nazi agents and native collaborators, headed by Perón, whose object was to use these German arms to form a fascist bloc composed of Argentina, Chile, Bolivia, Paraguay, and Uruguay, with Brazil thrown in provided the Integralista Party succeeded in ousting the Vargas regime. Only in Bolivia did the plan fully succeed, and the various deals for German arms likewise came a cropper—but not for lack of effort by the Farrell-Perón crowd.

Belgian and Russian delegates to the United Nations have informally raised the question whether these facts were known to our government at the time we forced Argentina's admission into the UNO. Probably we did not then have all the evidence now in our possession, but we certainly had enough to know better. The truth is that we were guilty of a monstrous boner at San Francisco. Braden can't say that in so many words, and he is obliged in consequence to offer the lame explanation that we accepted the "pledged word of the Farrell-Perón government" to reform, only to find our confidence betrayed. But this painful cover-up for his predecessors, dictated by protocol, is unimportant. The significant fact is that Braden—more power to him—refuses to be bound by the wrong-headedness of Avra Warren or to base a continuing policy on the blunder of Nelson Rockefeller and Edward Stettinius.

The Harding Aura

BY FRED KIRCHWEY

WHEN President Truman traded in Ickes for Pauley he lost more than an able, progressive administrator; he also lost another big chunk of public confidence. Even the people who dislike Ickes and his ideas have caught the unsavory odor of oil politics in the shift. Indeed, for Americans who remember the twenties, oil is a symbol of political jobbery in high places; their minds revert automatically to the rocket-like rise and descent of Albert B. Fall and that earlier group of home-state boys who saw a natural link between public office and private interest. The greater intelligence and probity of Mr. Truman does not suffice to wipe out an unhappy resemblance to Mr. Harding. It can be effaced only by acts, and the public is anxiously looking for proof that the President intends to extricate himself from a mess he should never have got into. So far no proof has appeared. Instead, he has compounded his mistakes by sticking to Mr. Pauley and allowing Mr. Ickes a last word so blister-

ing that its mark will show a long time, perhaps well through 1948.

Almost simultaneously he muffed another big chance to dispel the Harding aura. The reorganization of the stabilization-reconversion set-up, which was supposed to insure Chester Bowles's control of the price structure, has instead apparently left Bowles in a position subordinate to the pliable Mr. Snyder. At least that is the way things look as we go to press. If the change works out that way, another able and progressive administrator will soon walk off into the wings, for Mr. Bowles obviously means it when he refuses to be made responsible for continued inflationary price concessions to business.

The resignation of Ickes is an arrow pointing toward disintegration and defeat. If Mr. Truman's advisers realize this in time, they may help him salvage his Administration. If they keep their eyes fixed only on short-term political advantages, they will go down to defeat in two jumps—next fall and in 1948. We trust they and the President can summon the will to reverse their direction, for we see no hopeful alternative on the Republican side and no early alternative anywhere else.

But Ickes is more than a sign and a warning. He is a public servant who, in his own right, can ill be spared. When his resignation was rumored soon after Mr. Truman took office, we urged Mr. Ickes to stay on. With Wallace, he represented all that was left of the Roosevelt tradition. The war had thinned the New Deal ranks and erased most of the New Deal program. In spite of war-time concessions to business and the get-the-job-done-at-all-costs spirit, Ickes stood solidly and almost alone for progressive measures to insure a going economy and protect the community from unrestricted profit-hunting. At that time he stuck to his post, but he did so in a mood of pessimistic skepticism. The Pauley appointment and the President's casual dismissal of Ickes's testimony left him no alternative to resignation, even if he had wanted one.

He will be difficult to replace. His enormous administrative capacity has led him to accept, even advocate, numerous accretions to the huge, jumbled, multicellular structure of the Interior Department. A lesser man will have a hard time handling the job. It seems certain that the President will try to compensate for the Pauley blunder by choosing a progressive as Ickes's successor; he cannot possibly risk a strictly political appointment. That he will be able to find a man as strong, as stout-hearted and enduring, is most unlikely. The best possible choice would be Oscar L. Chapman, now Acting Secretary, who has been Assistant Secretary for thirteen years. Chapman is also a good administrator; he is liberal and uncompromising. His chief flaw, ironically, is his long and devoted service, which, in the process of fitting him for the arduous post of Secretary, has also deprived him of those political qualifications which party chieftains look for in their appointees. If he doesn't get the job it will be because he is too well prepared for it.

Mr. Truman Wavers

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, February 17

PERHAPS Mr. Truman's official life continues to be a series of crises because he rarely ends any one of them with a clear-cut decision. Each settlement carries the seeds of a new rumpus. This is certainly true on the anti-inflation front. When I wrote last week's letter, it looked as if Chester Bowles had finally won a free hand. It had apparently been decided to make him Economic Stabilization Director independent of Snyder, to authorize him to grant price relief only where proved necessary instead of as part of a general rise, and to give him direct power to deal with many acute shortages, as in textiles and building materials.

Presumably Mr. Bowles had gained that much by threatening to resign. He has become the center and symbol of the anti-inflation fight. He has political appeal, and he could do much damage if he took to the hustings. But the premature, perhaps deliberate, leak of the Bowles-Snyder shift to the press last week-end enabled Snyder's friends to organize a counter-offensive. The result is another precarious compromise. Mr. Bowles becomes Economic Stabilization Director but remains subject to Mr. Snyder as War Mobilization and Reconversion Director. Mr. Bowles and Paul Porter, his successor and subordinate as OPA Administrator, are given ample power to hold the line on prices—if Mr. Snyder does not interfere. But Mr. Bowles is also saddled, against his will, with the job of holding the line on wages through a new Wage Stabilization Board, which is the old War Labor Board in a new guise.

Compromise was piled on compromise in arranging the new price-control shift and ending the steel strike. Mr. Bowles, who had offered \$2.50 a ton on carbon steel, and Mr. Truman, who had spoken of \$4 a ton, were forced to agree to \$5 a ton, not only on carbon but on alloy steel. A rise in the price of alloy is, if I may be forgiven the pun, pure steal—a gift of another \$35,000,000 to \$40,000,000 clear profit to the most profitable sector of the industry. In simple arithmetic, steel has managed to exact a \$325,000,000 price increase from the government in return for a \$185,000,000 wage rise. Actually much of this wage rise has already been compensated for by down-grading, the elimination of overtime, and so on. The price increase for the big integrated companies will be larger than it seems to be, for they will benefit to the extent of another \$2 or so a ton from the additional increase the OPA will have to allow on fabricated steel products to save the smaller producers from

a price squeeze. This was the most profitable strike in the history of the steel industry.

At one point in the negotiations the business crowd behind Snyder hoped for Presidential acceptance of a formula which would provide for a general price rise throughout industry. Mr. Truman finally turned this proposal for a new "Big Steel" formula down, probably under threat of a resignation by Mr. Bowles. The latter was finally given wide power to hold prices in line except where an industry would be left in "an over-all loss position." Such adjustment upward in price ceilings may be allowed as would "in the judgment of the Price Administrator" enable the industry, "unless operating at a temporary low volume," to earn the "average rate of profit" it earned in the pre-war base period. This broad grant confers great power on Messrs. Bowles and Porter, notably in the reference to "temporary low volume"—the phrase which is likely to be the storm center of reconversion pricing. For the issue will be whether to fix prices on the basis of immediate operations or on that of the capacity output which should be reached in most industries later in the year.

But a heavy price had to be paid for these powers. Mr. Snyder insisted that, if prices were to be held, wages must also be controlled. After being responsible for the premature scrapping of the War Labor Board last year, he demanded its replacement. Mr. Bowles and Secretary Schwellenbach wanted to leave wages to collective bargaining, price relief to government agencies. They lost, but in an effort to placate them and the labor movement the President gave the new Stabilization Administrator such broad discretion that wage control may be as strict or as mild as Mr. Bowles chooses to make it—always assuming that he is not hamstrung by Mr. Snyder. The breadth of the order is such that labor can hardly make a frontal attack upon it. The proof of this administrative pudding will be in the eating. With strong support from labor and consumers Mr. Bowles has a fighting chance under this order to hold any price increase to a mere "bulge" yet allow a wide forward movement in wages. And Mr. Truman, by backing Bowles and Porter, can still demonstrate that he meant what he said in advocating a general upward revision of wages and in declaring that this was possible without a general price rise.

Mr. Snyder in this picture is only President Truman's alter ego, if not his real self. Mr. Snyder is no strong man, except in the strength he derives from Mr. Truman's own faltering belief in the principles he espouses

on formal speech-making occasions. There are a number of crises ahead on the price front, some of them grave enough to upset the whole settlement within a short time. There will be a sharp fight within the Administration when Mr. Bowles seeks to reimpose certain controls prematurely lifted last year by Mr. Snyder and Civilian Production Administrator John D. Small, notably those designed to channel textile facilities into the low-cost clothing field. Messrs. Snyder and Small will fight, despite the reference in the Presidential directive to the need for "prompt and firm enforcement, during the present emergency, of government controls over scarce materials and facilities." Mr. Krug at the War Production Board got away with similar defiance of a similar directive last year.

A second crisis may be expected on a broader front when Messrs. Bowles and Porter tackle the task of re-conversion pricing. Mr. Snyder, who is industry-minded, favors prices which would allow for profitable operations even on a low, and temporary, level of output. The OPA will try to head prices to a level which will be adequately profitable when industry hits its stride. While fighting this battle, Mr. Bowles will almost certainly have to counter a flank attack from part of the labor movement. The A. F. of L. is against the new set-up; the C. I. O. is dubious. Just around the corner

are John L. Lewis and a demand for higher wages in coal. This new wage board, unlike its predecessor, is not buttressed by a no-strike pledge. If too many wage applications bog down the machinery of stabilization, there will be trouble. Part of the labor movement may gang up with industry against price control. The biggest tussle of all will be with the farm bloc, which is lining up to blackjack and blackmail the Administration into higher prices or subsidies or both. Mr. Truman has asked Congress to extend the OPA, the subsidy program, and the Second War Powers Act, and to enact the Patman housing bill. Without these measures we can have neither price control nor new large-scale housing. But to get them the Administration must run the gauntlet of the cotton bloc, the dairy interests, the wheat, corn, and hog interests, the National Association of Manufacturers, and the real-estate crowd. It is a formidable line-up, but defeat almost certainly means disastrous inflation. Much depends on labor and consumers. The Administration has a first-rate housing plan which it could use to rally the veterans. Veterans would also respond to a thorough-going program for low-cost clothing. Given some daring and imagination on Mr. Truman's part—he is showing these qualities on housing—the battle against inflation could be won. But it's a tough one.

Spruille Braden

BY ROBERT BENDINER

SPRUILLE BRADEN is at least a 50 per cent violation of the State Department's traditional formula, "Too little, too late." There is nothing little in the bearing of the 240-pound Assistant Secretary, whose florid complexion, double expanse of chin, and impressive bulk recall nothing so much as Edward Arnold's portrayal of Diamond Jim Brady—down to the stickpin in the cravat. There is even less that is little in the gusty spirit with which he has swept away the cobwebs of diplomatic cant and made himself democracy's ambassador to Latin America. But many observers believe that Spruille Braden is "too late"; that he was placed in authority only after his struggle to prevent the emergence of a full-blown Nazi movement in the Americas had already been doomed by the bungling of his predecessors. One of his warmest admirers from below the Rio Grande—a man who bitterly resented the forcing of Argentina's admission into the United Nations some months before Braden's appointment—described him to me sadly as "the right man at the wrong time."

To Americans who like their ambassadors tough, straightforward, and uncompromisingly committed to the democratic ideal, Braden appeared dazzlingly to be

"the right man" in the summer of 1945. Overnight he had become a front-page figure as the man who had made a habit of rebuffing the most accurate facsimile of Mussolini ever produced in the Western Hemisphere—Colonel Juan Domingo Perón, dictator of Argentina. Here was an emissary of the ultra-cautious, infinitely stuffy Department of State serving as a catalytic agent in the gathering of popular forces against the government to which he was accredited. In the words of Perón's own shrill denunciation, "Braden gave shape, courage, and directives to the amorphous political organism that opposes us." Mr. Braden looked surprised when I asked him whether it did not require unusually strong democratic convictions for an American ambassador to a dictator state to speak so passionately on the evils of dictatorship and the necessity for its extinction. It didn't take much of a feeling for democracy, he said, to be repelled by what he had seen in Argentina or to condemn it with all possible forcefulness.

The case, as Braden saw it, was clear-cut. To qualify for a seat at the conference table in San Francisco, Argentina's representative, on April 4, had belatedly signed the Act of Chapultepec, an instrument that committed his

country, with all other American nations, to a common safeguarding of "the essential rights of man." Hardly had the conference disbanded when American reporters in Buenos Aires began filing stories of a terrorism that went beyond anything the Farrell-Perón dictatorship had dared to attempt before Argentina's entrance into the charmed circle of United Nations. Regular features of these dispatches were reports of mass arrests, imprisonment without trial, and daily murder by armed bands which roved at will through the streets of cities chanting the name of Perón, setting fire to opposition newspaper offices, and sacking Jewish properties—all under the benevolent eye, and even with the armed support, of the Perón-controlled police. It was when these outrages reached a climax in threats to assassinate American correspondents that Braden stepped into the picture, and from July onward hardly a week went by without a Braden incident, a Braden protest, or a Braden pronouncement couched in terms almost without precedent in the relations of nominally friendly nations.

Speaking in the heart of a country that had declared war on Germany just in time to beat the surrender, Ambassador Braden had the daring to tell an audience: "Victory has brought us new and surprising friends. The victorious United Nations are now being acclaimed in some high places by those who in the past had with evident enthusiasm attached themselves and their destinies to the Axis." Against a backdrop of tyranny and violence he boldly warned a Buenos Aires meeting: "The peoples of the world have learned that fascist militarists, to attain their end, will stop at nothing, no matter how cruel or vile it may be. To defeat them we have paid a staggering price in blood and suffering. We shall not forget this lesson merely because petty tyrants are now assuming the disguise of spurious democracy."

Stung into an extreme of rashness, Dictator Perón made it plain to Braden in a blistering interview that not only was he unable to insure United States correspondents against assassination at the hands of his worshipful followers, but the same could be said of *anyone* who crossed his path. So pointed was the inference that Braden replied, "Whether you assassinate Cortesi [correspondent for the *New York Times*] or me doesn't matter. The principle is the same, and we stand on principle."

Perón backed down, but a few days later the walls of Buenos Aires broke out in a profusion of posters headed by the single word "Crime." In the text that followed, the Ambassador was linked with a disaster in a Chilean mine owned by Braden Copper, a company with which he had never been connected and which his father had sold thirty-three years before. "Workers, unite against Wall Street imperialism," the posters read. "Braden means exploitation and crime in Chile!" Pamphlets, too, deluged the city—some comparing Braden to Al Capone

—and a "memorial" meeting for the mine victims rang with shouts of "Out with the Yankee pig!" and "Death to Braden!" Not too curiously, the leaflets and posters were strikingly similar in paper stock, typography, and layout to material turned out by the regime's official Press and Information Department. Even less curious, not the slightest attempt was made by the Buenos Aires police to check the distribution of the inflammatory literature, though it was clearly a violation of the law.

The net result of this blatant campaign, unexpectedly, was a further crystallization of anti-Perón sentiment in the country. Protests against the attack on Braden appeared in all the leading papers, signed by outstanding Argentines from all walks of life. Demonstrations were held in his honor, and the welcome he received at the station on his return from Santa Fé Province a few days later was a severe blow to the Colonel's prestige. He had tried to depict Braden as a "Yanqui cowboy trying to run the Argentine government," but millions of Argentines hailed him instead as "*el Domador de Coroneles*," the Colonel-Tamer.

An American diplomat whose family fortune stems from Chilean copper does not immediately seize upon the imagination as the natural foe of imperialism and the arch-champion of the democratic way. People reasonably wondered whether Braden's flare-up in the Argentine was not a flash in the pan, or perhaps a devious diplomatic game that called for a specialized technique. They could not be expected to know that Braden is the least devious character to be found in striped pants today—with the possible exception of Ernest Bevin. His genuineness and the simplicity of his approach are apparent both in his private conversation and in the record of his thirteen years as a diplomat.

Spruille Braden was a man of thirty-nine when President Roosevelt, soon after taking office, made him a delegate to the Inter-American Conference at Montevideo. The appointment was almost inevitable. He had been a personal friend of the President's since the middle twenties, had spent a major share of his life below the Rio Grande, spoke Spanish as well as his native tongue, and had long since abandoned a weak and purely hereditary attachment to the Republican Party.

The itinerant life of the Braden family had prevented Spruille from acquiring that early hardening of the social arteries with which an over-sheltered existence is prone to afflict the sons of the wealthy. Five years after his birth in the town of Elkhorn, Montana, his father, William Braden, shifted the base of his highly successful operations as a mining engineer and promoter to Canada. A few years later it was Mexico, and at the age of ten the future ambassador found himself a Chilean schoolboy. After six years of erratic education he was sent up to the Sheffield Engineering School at Yale, where he applied

himself to water polo and heavy eating, as well as engineering, with a year out to acquire practical experience in the mines and oil fields of the West.

Through with his schooling at twenty, the young engineer returned to South America in 1914 and struck out in a series of ambitious projects in the field of industrial engineering and finance. Most ambitious of these, and most profitable, was the electrification of the Chilean State Railroads, which he undertook for Westinghouse after a spirited competition with General Electric and the German firm of Siemens-Schuckert. Other extensive business operations followed—but so did the crash of 1929. Much of the Braden fortune vanished overnight.

The great débâcle of 1929 was an eye-opener, however temporary, to many a business giant, but it is not fair to include Spruille Braden in their number. He had long since departed from the political norm for those engaged in "colonial" operations—even to the point of having campaigned for Al Smith in 1928, against his distinguished brother in the fraternity of engineers. "Braden just couldn't help convincing himself that he was a progressive," former Attorney General Homer Cummings once said of him. "It was in him all the time and had to come out."

It had, in fact, been "coming out" for a good many years before his entry into the world of government. In the first place, Braden is what one of his subordinates describes as a "glandular democrat." There is enough of the mining frontier in his composition to make him bridle at class or racial distinctions of any sort. An instinctive feeling for democracy rather than any carefully worked-out philosophy of government has animated his political life. It was this same feeling that prompted him as a successful young business man in 1920 to give an interview to the press in which were set forth the essentials of what was much later to be called the Good Neighbor policy.

Aside from his natural inclinations, Braden was moved to forsake the Republicanism of his forbears by the influence of Woodrow Wilson. He was convinced soon after leaving school, he says, that the Democratic Party offered more intelligence in the field of foreign relations. He believed in the League, and he believed in a low tariff. And beyond these formative political factors, there was his own characteristically oversimplified but obviously sincere theory concerning the nature of imperialism.

Braden had seen at close range the political effects of bribery by American industrialists in Latin America: the buying of elections and the payoff in concessions. Imperialism, he concluded, produced corruption; and corruption, in turn, produced dictatorship, since neither the giver nor the receiver of bribes could hope to continue his shady transactions under the fierce light of a free political system. Braden maintains that in their years of business operations in Latin America neither he nor his

father ever found it necessary to engage in this common practice of "buying into" governments—a conviction that was to set him apart from his fellow-*yanquis*, to establish warm ties with democratic political groups throughout the continent, and finally to make him one of the most extraordinary emissaries ever sent from Washington to the countries of South America.

Spruille Braden has performed four major diplomatic missions in Latin America, and each one has added perceptibly to his political growth. At Montevideo he had been a minor figure, though Ernest Gruening, a fellow-delegate, says that even then he displayed in conferences a "rare feeling" for the people of the Latin American nations rather than a purely diplomatic regard for their governments. "It is time," he was heard to remark, "that we were as New Dealish in our foreign relations as we are at home." But it was not until 1935



Spruille Braden

that Roosevelt gave him his first chance to put his talents and experience to the test. He was sent to Buenos Aires to replace Hugh Gibson, who had been making no perceptible headway as head of our delegation to the Chaco peace conference.

After three years of indecisive warfare Bolivia and Paraguay had agreed to a ninety-day truce, during which the other powers of the hemisphere were to attempt to mediate. The ninety days were nearly exhausted when Braden arrived on the scene, and it did not take him long to make two acute observations: first, among the mediators themselves a fierce struggle for power was in progress between Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, and if hostilities were allowed to resume, the entire continent would go up in the flames of war; second, German and Italian diplomats were conniving feverishly behind the scenes to effect precisely this result, and were openly ridiculing the whole mediation procedure.

Braden succeeded in renewing the truce, and held the conference together for three years—in itself a notable achievement. During this period he took every advantage of shifting political tides, looking for the break that he knew would ultimately come. It came with the election of Roberto Ortiz to the Argentine Presidency. So impressed was Ortiz, himself a thoroughgoing democrat, with Braden's earnestness and good-will that he gave him

Argentina's advance consent to any decision he might make. The jam was broken. Going over the heads of the Bolivian and Paraguayan representatives, Braden addressed their two nations over the radio. The response was swift and decisive, and shortly thereafter the proposed treaty was signed.

One of the guests at the banquet in celebration of the peace was the German ambassador, Edmund Freiherr von Thermann. He had just returned from an equally historic celebration at Nürnberg—the first *Parteitag* of Greater Germany, held in honor of the German-Austrian *Anschluss*. Apparently still vivid in his mind as he turned to chat with Braden were the massed war banners and the imperial regalia of the Holy Roman Empire, brought from Vienna for the occasion. "The Nürnberg spectacle," he remarked, "was magnificent! It celebrated a peace made as Germans make it. We use a different method."

The comment impressed Braden deeply, and he kept it in mind when he reached Bogotá in 1938 to undertake his second major mission—as minister (later ambassador) to Colombia. It was obvious to everyone that the world was close to war, and it was equally obvious to Braden, at his new post, that Hitler's agents were close to the Panama Canal. He kept a sharp watch, and from Bogotá to Washington went reports of the discovery of secret landing fields and even of plans for destroying the Canal. Chief source of danger was Scadta Airlines, 16 per cent of which was controlled by the Germans. Here was a potentially hostile air fleet no farther from the Canal than New York is from Washington. When the conflict broke out, Braden acted at once. Officials of Pan-American Airways, which controlled by far the major share of Scadta, were asked to take over the German interest. When they balked, Braden threatened to hold them officially responsible for any possible attack on the Canal by enemy planes operating out of Colombia. In a matter of weeks the Germans were relieved of all control and their men replaced entirely by Americans.

Braden's next assignment, as Ambassador to Cuba, was noteworthy for continued vigilance against Axis agents, one of whom had been using his high post in the Batista government to spy on American shipping movements and tip off enemy submarines. It was noteworthy, too, for a remarkable application of Braden's long-standing prejudice against the influence of United States dollars in Latin American politics. Early in 1944 American business men in Cuba were jolted by a blunt warning that any of them who contributed so much as a dollar to either party in the approaching election could henceforth expect neither protection nor service from the American embassy. That was revolutionary, and the protests were loud and anguished. But Braden was adamant, and for the first time an election took place in Cuba without benefit of the American dollar. Batista, who had lost much of his one-time following, failed to put up the

fight expected of him, but, even so, both Washington and Havana were astounded at the proportions of the landslide that replaced the dictator with the democrat.

When it became apparent in the early summer of 1945 that appeasement would no more work with Argentine fascists than it had with the Italian or German variety, it was inevitable for the Administration to turn, in desperation, to Spruille Braden. His assignment to Buenos Aires would in itself be a red light to the rampaging Colonel from Patagonia. More than that, it would be an admission that Nelson Rockefeller—under pressure from Avra Warren, a State Department appeaser from way back, and probably from the British as well—had blundered in forcing the acceptance of Argentina into the United Nations.

Braden's hold on the popular imagination of Latin America is undeniable—and the appeal is personal as well as political. A man who habitually wears out two shifts of subordinates, he has long been known for the tremendous zest with which he throws himself into his work, into his speeches, and into his play. As typical as the confidence almost automatically bestowed on him by the friendly Ortiz was the reluctant tribute paid him by Batista. "He is more a man," said the fallen dictator, "than a diplomat."

Despite his seal-like figure, Braden is today rated the best conga dancer in official Washington. And he is equally adept at the samba and the waltz. No doubt with an eye to modifying that same figure, Braden now sharply controls his fondness for the banquet table, but in his earlier years in the service his gustatory exploits amounted to a legend. Two or three times a week he would delight in feasts reminiscent of Elizabethan England and enjoyed today only in the food-rich Argentine—feasts that, launched in dry Martinis, progressed from pickled partridge through soup, a second bird, and a huge roast, to luxurious salads and rich desserts, the entire meal eased by a free flow of wine and topped off with a fine old brandy.

Affable in manner but extremely forthright, Braden is further assured of popularity in Latin America by his perfect use of Spanish and by his long and idyllic marriage to the daughter of a prominent Chilean family. His wife, the former Maria Humeres del Solar, is a Catholic, and the five Braden children have been reared in that faith. Braden himself remains a Protestant and has no use for the ultra-reactionary hierarchs who play a major role in certain Latin American countries. But he cultivates the friendship of liberal Catholic churchmen, and is known to entertain hopes that at least in clerical circles of this hemisphere their influence will predominate.

As Assistant Secretary of State, Spruille Braden faces an extraordinarily delicate task. He is strongly opposed

to the old-style interventionism. "No one more non-interventionist than I ever served in the State Department," he told me—and he obviously believes it. At the same time he believes just as firmly that fascism must be eliminated wherever it rears its head. "Democracy," he says, "cannot exist in a world half slave and half free. Our democratic system will go down if fascism is allowed to prevail anywhere."

His critics, chief of whom is Sumner Welles, believe that these two principles involve him in a dilemma from which he will be unable to extricate himself. And Braden himself fully appreciates the extreme narrowness of the path he has laid out for himself. He knows the depth of mistrust that still exists throughout Latin America for the "colossus of the North." When the Foreign Minister of Uruguay recently proposed *collective* action by American states against any one of their number that denied its people democratic government and basic human rights, Mr. Braden was quick to indorse the plan. But besides the United States, only Guatemala, Costa Rica, Panama, and Nicaragua were won over. Even countries like Colombia and Mexico, with the most liberal governments in Latin America, shied away. A record of sixty interventions in fifty years cannot be wiped out by a dozen years of good neighborliness.

Of course, Braden emphasizes the collective aspect of his approach, and, in fact, if this type of action is to be rejected as "intervention," then the doomed UNO need not bother looking for a site. But some of the best liberals of Latin America are not convinced. They know that the United States represents the real power in the collectivity—and they are suspicious.

If Braden is unable to bring pressure on Perón through collective diplomatic action, what is left? Armed action he rejects completely. Economic action is insufficient, since in this sphere Argentina depends primarily upon Britain rather than the United States among the great powers. There remains only the cultivation of public opinion, and in this Braden is a master, as his timely exposure of Argentina's war-time collaboration with the Axis abundantly proves.

He may be expected to employ his talents along this line to the utmost between now and the convening of the next inter-American conference at Rio de Janeiro in March. That meeting will be Braden's great test. If a Perón delegation is seated and allowed to make a farce of the proposed hemispheric security treaty, Braden will be finished. But those who know him best do not believe that he will allow himself to be maneuvered into any such position. He plans well. Senators who opposed his nomination to his present post spoke of him as a "bull in a china shop." That is a superficial view of Spruille Braden. Shrewd as well as forceful, he picks his china in advance and breaks only what he knows is ready for the breaking.

In the Wind

THE UNITED PRESS is our authority for the story of an ex-army sergeant who was arrested for drunkenness in Beaumont, Texas, after he had slugged a striker on a picket line. He explained that "when I was overseas I promised I'd punch the first picket I saw right in the nose." The picket was also an ex-army sergeant.

HIGHER EDUCATION NOTE: the Southern Illinois Normal University operates a Department of Effective Living.

WHEN UNITED STATES STEEL turned down President Truman's proposal of an 18½-cent wage increase, the Greencastle, Indiana, *Daily Banner* headlined its story on the start of the steel strike: "Steel Workers Reject Offer by Mr. Truman."

THE ANNUAL REPORT of the National Park Service complains that "the bighorn sheep-wolf relationships" problem is continuing. . . . And the Fish and Wildlife Service is having trouble with the whooping crane, a bald-headed bird which is almost extinct and is stoutly resisting all efforts to keep it from becoming completely so.

THE LEGISLATURE OF MISSISSIPPI, a theoretically dry state, has postponed consideration of a bill to repeal taxes which the state now collects on bootleg liquor.

CAPITALISM IN CRISIS: Oklahoma City pest exterminators are up in arms against a proposed ordinance empowering the city to order building occupants to ratproof and if necessary undertake the work itself at cost to the owner. Rats, the exterminators claim, are properly the concern of private enterprise, and they accuse the city of "using Hitler methods on us."

WILLIAM LINDSEY, president of the Florida Peace Officers' Association, told a recent meeting of Florida sheriffs that returning Negro veterans would be a major problem for law-enforcement officers. "In a 'keep them in their place' speech," reported the *Miami Herald*, "Lindsey asserted that Negro soldiers . . . are coming back pretending to be heroes without ever having seen a gun unless they stole one. . . . We have to iron out this situation, even if it's with a club."

THE TROUBLE WITH THIS COUNTRY, suggests the writer of a Letter to the Editor in the *New York Herald Tribune* of February 7, is that "the poor people have too much money." We knew *somebody* had too much money, but we weren't quite sure who it was.

PROFESSIONAL DIGNITY: When the proprietor of a New York "Fountain Pen Hospital" goes out to lunch, he hangs a sign on the door saying, "The doctor is out."

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. We will pay \$1 for each item accepted.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Cross-Fire in Korea

BY ANDREW ROTH

Author of "Dilemma in Japan"

JUST after landing in Korea Lieutenant General John R. Hodge, American commander in that area, regaled newsmen with a story about the "impractical and charming" Koreans. According to General Hodge, "a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Brown University took off in a small boat, met us in the harbor, and told me he wanted to be Minister of Finance."

The full story of this incident is a reflection upon the General rather than upon the Koreans. Two Koreans did come out on the pilot boat on September 8 as the convoy bearing the Twenty-fourth Army Corps lay off the entrance to Chemulpo. But they were not job-hunting opportunists; they were distinguished patriots on an important mission. One was Professor Pak Sang-kyu, a substantial Korean landlord and a graduate of Brown, class of 1905; the other was Dr. Lyuh Woon-heung, head of the Left National Party, Foreign Minister in the 1919 Korean Provisional Government, Korean representative of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, editor of the Seoul daily *Chung Il Bo* until it was closed down by the Japanese in 1938, and from 1939 to 1942 an inmate of a Japanese political prison. Both spoke fluent English, which should have endeared them to an occupation force without Korean interpreters, but what was far more important was the letter they bore.

The letter came from a historic assembly held in Seoul two days before at the behest of a group which had operated underground during the war. The meeting had been attended by delegates from every one of Korea's thirteen provinces, some fifteen hundred in all, representing the three chief political groups in the resistance movement: the Left Nationalists (now the People's Party), a moderate left group drawn largely from the dispossessed middle class and intelligentsia; the *T'ien Tao Chao*, originally a rural religious sect which developed into an anti-Japanese politico-religious movement with roots deep in the land; and the Communist Party, whose hardened core of radical intellectuals and militant peasants and laborers had been considerably augmented after 1935, when it had adopted a "popular front" policy. The Seoul assembly was also supported by peasant and trade unions, students' and women's associations, claiming a total of 600,000 members.

These groups reached agreement on a twenty-seven-point program which included the immediate disarming and removal of the Japanese, confiscation and state ownership of Japanese-owned land (80 per cent of the cultivated area) and its free allotment to landless peasants,

abolition of the Japanese usury system and cancelation of all debts incurred under it, abolition of exorbitant taxation and compulsory grain collection, confiscation and state ownership of Japanese-owned industries (85 per cent of Korea's industrial plant).

The popular forces represented in this assembly had already begun to dispossess the Japanese. Police stations—hated symbols of Japanese terror—had been stormed and the Korean prisoners replaced with Japanese. In many places Japanese troops had been disarmed, and by the time the assembly was convoked on September 6 all Korea's 182 districts had at least a rudimentary Korean administration. The Seoul assembly acted to place these local governments under a "Korean Provisional Commission for Forming a People's Republic" with Dr. Lyuh as chairman, the expectation being that Dr. Rhee Syng-man, Kim Koo, and other exiles would assume positions of leadership when they returned. Plans were made to hold elections on March 1, 1946, for a National Assembly which would convene on March 31. And a letter was addressed to the commander of the eagerly anticipated American forces offering the assistance of the Provisional Commission.

General Hodge ignored the letter, its distinguished bearers, and its offer of assistance.

UNPLANNED OCCUPATION

Seldom in modern history has the representative of a major power approached so ticklish a task with so little understanding of actual conditions or of the policy of his own government. General Hodge landed in Korea without even having read the State Department's basic directive on occupation policy. After the Cairo declaration of 1943 had promised Korea independence "in due course," the State Department had lethargically begun to plan for the transition, always assuming that the United States would occupy all Korea, with perhaps token Russian, Chinese, and British representation. At Yalta the Allied military chiefs had decided that when the Soviet Union entered the Pacific war the difficult task of conquering the Japanese in mountainous Korea would be divided between the Russians and Americans, but this decision was not confided to State Department planners until it was formalized at Potsdam. After Japan's capitulation the responsible State-War-Navy subcommittee hurriedly drew up a tentative directive, ordering, among other things, immediate replacement of Japanese officials, but this did not reach General Hodge

until after he landed in Korea. His pre-landing briefing came from General MacArthur's staff, which, although it had been cautioned by the State Department and the Joint Chiefs of Staff to proceed with caution in the Korean political situation, acted on the conviction that it would be just as expedient to exploit the Japanese administrative machine in Korea as it was to work through the emperor in Japan.

This theory was put to a scorching test on the very night American forces landed at Chemulpo, the port of Seoul. Local labor groups decided to greet the liberating American forces even though they might run into trouble. Their leaflets declared that they were determined "to shake hands with . . . the heroes who help the independence of the Korean people." Accordingly five hundred unarmed workmen carrying tiny American flags paraded toward the landing place. Japanese police ordered them to halt and when the marchers refused, fired into their lines, killing two and wounding ten.

General Hodge defended the Japanese police, saying, "I had ordered civilians kept away because they would hinder the landing operations." He also said that the use of the Japanese administration was the "most efficient way of operating now." He praised the Japanese as his "most reliable sources of information" and slurred the Koreans as "too excitable" to be of any use. Within twenty-four hours indignant Korean demonstrations and American editorials produced a White House order to General Hodge, via General MacArthur, to replace all Japanese in the Korean government as rapidly as was "consistent with the safety of operation."

THAT OLD BOGY

Washington failed to eliminate another and more firmly established army fixation. In Tokyo Brigadier General W. E. Crist was reported to be telling Korea-bound officers that one of their principal missions would be "to form a bulwark against communism." Later Major General A. V. Arnold, first American military governor of Korea, told Gordon Walker of the *Christian Science Monitor*, "It is our job to see that the Koreans get the American type of democracy and not communism; call it the rule of enlightened dictatorship."

Since the major nationalist groups were linked with the Communists in the People's Republic movement, AMG's anti-Communist credo pushed it into the waiting hands of the Democratic Party, which claimed only 700 members and was admittedly a coalition of big landowners and big business men—in a country where only pro-Japanese could achieve that status—specifically founded to fight the People's Republic. Its suspicious wealth did not disturb General Hodge, who remarked: "Korean business men must have ability—they made money even under the Japs. They are hard-headed and realistic, but of course they are not liked by the Koreans."

Virtually all the Korean translators and assistants employed by AMG were persons indorsed by these rightist Democrats. In early October General Hodge established an eleven-man Advisory Council which he hailed as the "nucleus of democracy in Korea," and to which he named nine Democrats and two representatives of the People's Republic movement. The latter, however, refused to participate in a council so dominated by collaborationists. The council's chairman, Kim Sung-soo, was a wealthy industrialist who had served as consul general in Manchukuo and energetically recruited Koreans for the Japanese army. One member, Song Chin-woo—recently assassinated—had worked among his fellow-émigrés as a spy for Tsuruyama, Tokyo military police chief, and for the infamous General Tanaka when he was preparing to seize Manchuria. Another, Li Sung-seul, had been active in the movement to renounce Korean for Japanese culture and had frequently condemned the "outrages" of "American demons"; Cheun Kap-soon, the "patent-medicine king" had become rich selling morphine to Koreans and medical supplies to the Japanese army. The others were of the same stripe, or non-entities subservient to the party bosses.

Advised by these men, the AMG surrounded itself with a choice set of rich collaborationists. Paik Nam-hoon, a manufacturer, was named Governor of Kyang-kido Province. The mayor of Seoul was an American major, but as he could not speak Korean, the actual government of the city fell to Deputy Mayor Kim Chang-young, who had served the Japanese so faithfully as a spy in Korea and Manchuria that they had given him a retirement annuity of 150,000 yen. Persons similarly tarred with treachery and venal opportunism were placed in charge of the schools and other institutions.

To add strength, it would seem, to his rightist bastion General Hodge invited the exiled Dr. Rhee and Kim Koo to return but, needless to say, did not invite the leftist leaders of the Yenan-based Korean People's Emancipation League. Dr. Rhee was granted plane accommodations long before Kim Koo, perhaps because Kim, although very conservative, had close Chinese connections and had included some leftists in his Chung-king-sponsored "Provisional Government." Dr. Rhee had made his Russophobia clear in Washington, where he had proclaimed that "democracy and communism cannot coexist" and that "future generations of Americans will have to pay" for inviting Russia into the Japanese war. When he reached Seoul he was given a bodyguard of American army officers and was warmly introduced by General Hodge at a mass-meeting where he asked rhetorically: "Is one part of Korea to be slave and the other master? . . . Is that army in the north going to remain there permanently?" Rhee later was to say, "I have watched the spread of communism in Europe and Asia, and I have come to the conclusion that

the question had better be thrashed out here and now, rather than postponed." As was expected, Rhee and Kim threw in their lot with the Democratic Party, which, with continued AMG support, made considerable headway through December.

AMG did not restrict itself to sponsoring rightists; it also harassed popular left-wing elements. Fifty Seoul tramway workers were arrested as "Communists" because they struck against retention of the Japanese management. When workers employed by a pro-Japanese industrialist, Pak Heun-sik, refused to obey his orders and demanded that he be brought to trial as a war criminal, armed M. P.'s forced them to return to work. When the leftist Peasant Union attempted to throw off some of the oppressive measures imposed by the Japanese, AMG decreed: "The owners of the land [80 per cent Japanese] will continue to determine how tenants shall pay for their land. . . . Tenants must comply with the wishes of the owners." On October 10 Major General Arnold attacked the People's Republic movement even more virulently, according to Korean newsmen, than the Japanese had ever done, and ordered all Korean newspapers to publish his remarks. And when the People's Republic group answered in a documented English-language pamphlet, AMG banned the publication and distribution of pamphlets and handbills.

Naturally a wide chasm opened between the Russian and American zones. The Russians had moved fast, taking over their zone by August 26, thirteen days before the Americans landed. The Red Army, which included some 30,000 Siberian Koreans, trumpeted the slogan: "All Power to the Korean People." Japanese officials were summarily dismissed or imprisoned, and soldiers were disarmed and herded into pens for deportation. Members of the People's Republic movement were encouraged to take over the administration and to abolish land taxes and distribute the land.

Before the Moscow conference General Hodge tried without success to get the Russians to permit economic intercourse between the two zones. The demarcation line drawn at the Thirty-eighth Parallel had ignored Korea's economic geography: almost all the manufacturing capacity, most of the coal and iron, the greater part of the railroad rolling stock, most railroad repair shops, and all important sources of electric power are in the north, while the rich rice lands and fishing banks are in the south. The Russians, with by far the best of the bargain, acted tough, refusing to supply anything but electric power, perhaps because they were not anxious to strengthen the economic underpinnings of a rightist regime in southern Korea.

This friction had its military manifestations. Robert P. Martin, correspondent of the *New York Post*, reported that as many American combat planes were massed on Kimpo Field outside Seoul last November

as had been massed on any Pacific island except Guam during the war. He also quoted one general: "We are ready for the Russians if they make one false move."

MOSCOW CONFERENCE

It was this strife-torn Korea that appeared on the agenda of the Moscow conference in December. Unlike the army officers running the field show, Secretary Byrnes and his adviser, John Carter Vincent, director of the Office of Far Eastern Affairs, thought Korea should be a peaceful bridge to Russo-American cooperation rather than a skirmishing field for a future Russo-American war. Mr. Vincent presented a plan for unifying Korea and giving it independence after a five- or ten-year four-power trusteeship. The Russians proposed that the Koreans be permitted to form a democratic provisional government under Soviet-American supervision. The Russian proposal, with a few American amendments, was accepted. In its final form the agreement called for the creation of a Joint Soviet-American Commission which would tackle, first, economic and administrative unification and then, in consultation with Korean democratic and social organizations, make recommendations to the American, Soviet, British, and Chinese governments for the establishment of a provisional government. Then the joint commission and the provisional government would work out measures for the achievement of democratic self-government and independence. If the Koreans prove unable to form a united and effective government, the commission is to recommend a five-year four-power trusteeship. (Sumner Welles described this as "almost identical with the plan providing for the ultimate independence of Korea which President Roosevelt favored three years ago.")

Koreans were disturbed when they read the Moscow communiqué: its language was fuzzy and its transmission garbled, and they feared that a trusteeship would be imposed immediately. They remembered that the Japanese had entered in the guise of trustees in 1905. The rightists thought they could develop this fear into mass support for their bid for power. On December 29 they distributed huge posters charging the Communists and Russia with responsibility for a trusteeship and violently attacked leftist papers. American flags were torn down, American soldiers were stoned, and a strike was called against AMG to indicate displeasure with the United States' alleged appeasement of Russia on the trusteeship issue. General Hodge had surrounded himself so completely with rightist supporters that when the strike came his aide had to shovel coal. A rightist mass-meeting assailed trusteeship and demanded immediate recognition of the Rhee-Koo provisional government and suppression of all opposition newspapers and parties.

General Hodge managed to end the disturbances by convincing the rightists that no immediate trustee-

ship was contemplated and warning them that further action would jeopardize their place on the contemplated provisional government. But a few days after the Russo-American negotiations opened in Seoul, on January 16, the same groups again started anti-Soviet demonstrations. The Russians, apparently convinced that this was done with tacit American support, retorted with a press campaign pinning responsibility for the trusteeship proposal on the United States and lambasting General Hodge for "inspiring" the Korean reactionaries. Negotiations made scant progress.

These developments underlined the validity of a state-

ment broadcast by John Carter Vincent on January 19, in which he declared that Korea would be "a test of the ability of two great powers to cooperate in solving a problem of mutual interest." It would, he added, require that the Russian and American representatives be "of a caliber and character which will assure that they will approach the problem with unprejudiced intelligence and in a spirit of real cooperation; and that the Korean leaders submerge their factional differences and work with united zeal to reestablish the statehood of Korea."

[*The second of two articles on Korea by Mr. Roth.*]

Wages, Prices, and Production

BY BEN FISCHER

Research economist for the United Steelworkers of America

THE National Association of Manufacturers tells the radio audience each Saturday evening: "Production means jobs; production means higher wages; production means more purchasing power." Experts who speak for big business accuse labor of failing to understand this fundamental fact.

But does production mean higher wages, more jobs, and more purchasing power? Let's look at 1924-29, the period of prosperity that preceded the worst depression in our history. An examination of the facts will show, that while production reached record heights and prices remained stable, the result was a bubble of speculation followed by the bursting of the bubble. Why was this so?

The trouble was that the fruits of production—the money value of the goods and services produced—were not converted into purchasing power in sufficient quantity to keep goods in use. The fruits of industrial activity were converted into exorbitant profits and dividends. As a result excessive corporate reserves and working capital were accumulated on a rapidly growing scale at the very time when mass purchasing power was lagging. Drastic reduction of production schedules inevitably followed.

Reduced to simplest terms, the story of the '20's reads as follows: Between 1924 and 1929 production of industrial items rose 27 per cent, according to the index of the Federal Reserve system. Productivity of labor rose 24 per cent, as computed by the Department of Commerce. Net industrial profits, after taxes, rose 72 per cent. But wages, the major form in which purchasing power is created, remained virtually frozen. A survey of twenty-five manufacturing industries by the National Industrial Conference Board shows an increase in average hourly earnings from 1925 to 1929 of 3.3 cents an hour—from 56 cents to 59.3 cents, only 5.8 per cent in six years.

The picture is sharply pointed up by the figures for the nation's key industry—steel. Between 1924 and 1929 production rose 47 per cent and net profits after taxes 157 per cent. The finished steel tonnage produced in 1924 was 28,000,000 tons; by 1929 it had reached 41,000,000 tons. The industry's profits were \$188,000,000 in 1924 and \$483,000,000 in 1929. Throughout these prosperous years there was no general wage increase. The common-labor rate remained at 44 cents an hour. In forty-nine steel plants, according to the study of the National Industrial Conference Board, the average hourly earnings of steelworkers rose from 64 cents in January, 1925, to the peak of 65.9 cents in October, 1929, the month of the crash. Such a slight gain represents merely small instances of upgrading and increased tonnage pay for increased production. It is apparent therefore that higher production did not bring higher wages; profits rose, not wages.

One may ask, "Perhaps the fruits of increased production went into lower prices, thereby increasing the purchasing power of the wage dollar?" Not at all. The price index of the Bureau of Labor Statistics shows only a tiny change between 1924 and 1929, less than 1 per cent.

No matter how one views the basic economic facts of the boom of the '20's, they lead directly to the conclusion that there could have been no speculation orgy without the excessive profits paid to stockholders and managers, and that the money invested took on the character of reckless speculation because the roots of the economy were rotting—underpaid consumers could not provide the purchasing power necessary for maintenance of production.

In the years ahead one of the few economic certainties is the ability of industry and labor to produce in overwhelming quantities. The tremendous expansion of

plant, equipment, and scientific research during the war cannot fail to speed the flow of goods. The productivity of labor per man-hour rose 5 per cent annually during the war and can be expected to make great strides in the immediate future. Most of the war-time technological improvements are being utilized in peace-time production. In addition, innovations restrained by war-time shortages are now being installed. But it must be remembered that production is a source of improved living standards and a stable, prosperous economy only if wages are adequate to prevent economic paralysis and explosively excessive profits.

The other side of the N. A. M. penny bears the inscription: "Higher Wages Mean Higher Prices." The same business economists who peddle this line and warn against wage increases lest inflation overtake us also spearhead the drive against price control. While charging labor with favoring inflation, business itself fights for higher prices—a case of the right hand not knowing what the left is doing.

There is some sincere fear that wage increases are always absorbed by price rises. And some sources that know better encourage the notion. If this were true, real wages—that is, wages measured in terms of their ability to purchase goods—would never rise. The N. A. M. does not claim such economic stagnation.

The failure of wages to keep up with prices during the war is not explained by the working of our economic system but rather by the way government economic controls were applied in the political atmosphere of war-time America. The wage controls were rigid and effective. The price controls were much looser in the first place and much less effectively administered. Thus price levels ran away from wage levels. It would be disastrous if we now fell victim to the delusion that this war-time pattern will continue as the expression of some mystical economic law. The fact is that real wages and living standards have risen slowly but surely over the years—even when unionism was weak. When unions are aggressive and succeed in boosting pay rates, real wages rise sharply.

Some interesting data are available regarding wage-price relationships. The General Electric Company recently reported its success in achieving higher wages, lower prices, and fair profits. This report, appearing as an advertisement, revealed that G. E. wages averaged 72 cents an hour in 1935 and 89 cents in 1941, an increase of 23.6 per cent. During these same seven years the price of a G. E. refrigerator dropped from \$199 to \$129.95, or 34.6 per cent. Electric bulbs were reduced from 15 cents to 10 cents. A G. E. radio cost \$47.50 in 1935 and \$27.95 in 1941, a reduction of 70 per cent. Incidentally, during the same period G. E. profits rose from 70 cents per share of common stock to \$1.75.

For all manufacturing industry the same story can be told. Real wages rose an average of 42 per cent between 1932 and 1940—not wage rates but real wages. Specifically, the average money wage of manufacturing workers rose 50 per cent while prices rose only about 18 per cent. This period of the New Deal and the C. I. O. brought on the sharpest improvement in living standards that has ever taken place in any decade of our history—even though a portion of the period found us in the throes of a severe economic depression.

Also of interest is the effect of collective bargaining on the economic dips. In 1937 the average wage was 57.7 cents. It rose to 65.5 cents by 1940, an increase of 13.5 per cent. Despite the business recession of 1938, wages did not go down because the C. I. O. stubbornly held the line and rejected proposed wage cuts. Prices did go down, 2.2 per cent between 1937 and 1940. Thus even during the 1937 to 1940 period a gain in real wages was realized. It was the rigid war-time controls that led to a loss for labor. Now that wage controls are substantially lifted, we can be certain that real wages will go up.

This is true despite the likelihood that prices will rise in the coming months. Various sources are forecasting increases in the price index for 1946 of 5 to 10 per cent. But they also agree that before 1946 is over we shall see a movement toward price reductions. The increases will result from the economic fact that severe shortages exist side by side with extensive purchasing power, plus the desire of business to convert special re-conversion costs into higher prices while they still can. However, as savings are reduced and the supply of available goods increases, competition will resume its influence on price levels, and the rapid advances in technology will work to the same end.

Improved technology is one of the most encouraging factors and will fail to be effective only if competition is stifled and unionism destroyed. As long as free competition is permitted to continue in any significant measure and as long as unions continue their insistence on converting exorbitant profit margins into higher wages, industry will inevitably pass on savings from technological advances to the consumer in the form of lowered prices.

It borders on fantasy to cringe before the danger of inflation at such a time as this. Certainly, the OPA's efforts to forestall price increases deserve complete support. But we should realize where we are and where we are going. We are on the threshold of an era of abundant, high-speed production. Dizzy inflation cannot overtake us in such circumstances. What we should fear is rather an unsound type of prosperity—a prosperity not underpinned by sufficient mass purchasing power to insure consumption of the products of our industrial plant.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Post-War Planning in Sweden

THOUGH fortunate enough to remain unscathed by war, Sweden for nearly six years lived under the threat of invasion and consequently was forced to give defense a top priority in its budget. It maintained large forces under arms and diverted a good part of its national resources to building planes, warships, tanks, and other weapons. As a result, the national debt was quadrupled, even though taxes were raised steeply and new social reforms had to be postponed.

Now Sweden is once again able to add to its long record of progressive legislation. The coalition government which held office during the time of national peril has been replaced by a Social Democratic administration, commanding a majority in the *Riksdag*, with a program of constructive economic planning. Early in January the budget, introduced by Ernst Wigforss, Minister of Finance, revealed some of the government's plans. For the fiscal year beginning July 1 ordinary expenditures and revenues are expected to balance at about \$814,000,000, and no supplementary military budget will be necessary, as it has been during the war years. However, taxation is to be maintained at war-time levels partly as an antidote to inflation, which Sweden must guard against so long as, in common with the whole world, it has to cope with a shortage of goods. But there is another reason for maintaining the flow of revenue, and that is to build up funds for new social benefits. The revenues that for years have been spent on armaments are to be used for increasing old-age pensions, hitherto little more than token payments. Now it is proposed to pay aged couples up to \$600 a year. Other plans call for increased social distribution of national income in the form of free meals for school children and paid vacations for underprivileged housewives—recognition of a group whose contribution to national welfare is usually overlooked.

Sweden, for a good many years, has engaged in the business-like practice of setting up two budgets. The running expenses of government are provided for in the ordinary budget and are normally covered by taxes; revenue-producing expenditures, on the other hand, are grouped in a separate capital budget and amortized over a period of years. In the next fiscal year the capital budget will amount to about \$167,500,000, compared with \$92,750,000 in the current year. It will cover new investments in the railroads, public utilities, and other publicly owned undertakings and, to the extent of \$62,500,000, credits to war-ravaged countries.

A capital budget of this kind is an essential tool for a planned economy. It provides a means of maintaining a balance between savings and investment, of checking booms which threaten to get out of hand, and of offsetting the deflationary effects of a fall in private capital expenditures. "The economic power of the state," declares the Program of the Swedish Labor Movement—a joint production of the Social Democratic Party and the trade unions—"ought in

everybody's interest to be applied so as to give that support to the national economy which is needed in order to maintain a permanent and stable state of high business activity. The incomes of the community must be made so high, and made so secure, that demand does not slacken. In order to stimulate enterprises, the interest rate must be kept as low as possible. In addition, there must be a public coordinating body to insure that capital is employed so as to utilize fully for useful ends both labor and the material means of production."

To achieve these objectives, the Swedish government is not content to rely wholly on budgetary and other controls. Consideration is therefore being given to public ownership of a number of industries which, it is felt, are not being conducted efficiently by private enterprise. Examples are insurance, which under private management is thought to have assumed certain monopoly characteristics; stone quarrying, an industry suffering from obsolescent methods and needing new capital, new machinery, and new marketing methods; and the refining and distribution of oil and gasoline, now dominated by the big Anglo-American trusts. The last of these industries has already been investigated by a committee whose report asserts that prices have been held at too high a level by the oil monopoly and suggests means by which the distribution system could be simplified.

While the Swedish government is proceeding cautiously, allowing time for inquiry and discussion and showing no doctrinaire disposition to pursue socialization for its own sake, its plans have naturally aroused antagonism in business circles. What may be more surprising to those American conservatives who regard consumer cooperation as a form of communism is the strong opposition that has developed in the powerful Swedish cooperative movement. A few days ago I had an opportunity to discuss this question with Albin Johansson, head of the Kooperativa Förbundet (KF), the great Swedish cooperative organization. He said, in effect, that his movement fully approved of government ownership of railroads, public utilities, and other "natural" monopolies but was against the creation of monopolies, either public or private, in consumer goods or in the provision of such services as insurance. In these fields he thought that a strong cooperative movement, able to challenge private trusts by setting up "yardstick" enterprises as KF had done in the case of electric lamps, margarine, rubber shoes, and other products, was a better safeguard for the public than nationalized enterprises that were apt to become bureaucratic.

In the case of oil, the Swedish cooperatives have already their own distribution system, which they are planning to expand greatly. To this end they are negotiating with the Consumers' Cooperative Association of Kansas City, which operates a large integrated oil enterprise, to obtain direct supplies making them independent of the trusts. Hence, while they think some government control of the oil trade is justified, they feel that scope should be left for an organization such as theirs. Since the membership of the Swedish cooperatives overlaps to a considerable extent that of the Social Democratic Party and the trade unions, the government is bound to give full consideration to these views. But either way prospects for Standard Oil and Royal Dutch-Shell in Sweden seem rather dim. KEITH HUTCHISON

BOOKS and the ARTS

FRENCH EXISTENTIALISM

BY HANNAH ARENDT

A LECTURE on philosophy provokes a riot, with hundreds crowding in and thousands turned away. Books on philosophical problems preaching no cheap creed and offering no panacea but, on the contrary, so difficult as to require actual thinking sell like detective stories. Plays in which the action is a matter of words, not of plot, and which offer a dialogue of reflections and ideas run for months and are attended by enthusiastic crowds. Analyses of the situation of man in the world, of the fundamentals of human relationship, of Being and the Void not only give rise to a new literary movement but also figure as possible guides for a fresh political orientation. Philosophers become newspapermen, playwrights, novelists. They are not members of university faculties but "bohemians" who stay at hotels and live in the cafe—leading a public life to the point of renouncing privacy. And not even success, or so it seems, can turn them into respectable bores.

This is what is happening, from all reports, in Paris. If the Resistance has not achieved the European revolution, it seems to have brought about, at least in France, a genuine rebellion of the intellectuals, whose docility in relation to modern society was one of the saddest aspects of the sad spectacle of Europe between wars. And the French people, for the time being, appear to consider the arguments of their philosophers more important than the talk and the quarrels of their politicians. This may reflect, of course, a desire to escape from political action into some theory which merely talks about action, that is, into activism; but it may also signify that in the face of the spiritual bankruptcy of the left and the sterility of the old revolutionary élite—which have led to the desperate efforts at restoration of all political parties—more people than we might imagine have a feeling that the responsibility for political action is too heavy to assume until new foundations, ethical as well as political, are laid down, and that the old tradition of philosophy which is deeply imbedded even in the least philosophical individual is actually an impediment to new political thought.

The name of the new movement is "Existentialism," and its chief exponents are Jean-Paul Sartre and Albert Camus, but the term Existentialism has given rise to so many misunderstandings that Camus has already publicly stated why he is "not an Existentialist." The term comes from the modern German philosophy which had a revival immediately after the First World War and has strongly influenced French thought for more than a decade; but it would be irrelevant to trace and define the sources of Existentialism in national terms for the simple reason that both the German and the French manifestations came out of an identical period and a more or less identical cultural heritage.

The French Existentialists, though they differ widely

among themselves, are united on two main lines of rebellion: first, the rigorous repudiation of what they call the *esprit sérieux*; and, second, the angry refusal to accept the world as it is as the natural, predestined milieu of man.

L'esprit sérieux, which is the original sin according to the new philosophy, may be equated with respectability. The "serious" man is one who thinks of himself as president of his business, as a member of the Legion of Honor, as a member of the faculty, but also as father, as husband, or as any other half-natural, half-social function. For by so doing he agrees to the identification of himself with an arbitrary function which society has bestowed. *L'esprit sérieux* is the very negation of freedom, because it leads man to agree to and accept the necessary deformation which every human being must undergo when he is fitted into society. Since everyone knows well enough in his own heart that he is not identical with his function, *l'esprit sérieux* indicates also bad faith in the sense of pretending. Kafka has already shown, in "Amerika," how ridiculous and dangerous is the hollow dignity which grows out of identifying oneself with one's function: In that book the most dignified person in the hotel, upon whose word the hero's job and daily bread depend, rules out the possibility that he can make an error by invoking the argument of the "serious" man: "How could I go on being the head porter if I mistook one person for another?"

This matter of *l'esprit sérieux* was first touched upon in Sartre's novel "La Nausée," in a delightful description of a gallery of portraits of the town's respectable citizens, *les salauds*. It then became the central topic of Camus's novel "L'Étranger." The hero of the book, the stranger, is an average man who simply refuses to submit to the serious-mindedness of society, who refuses to live as any of his allotted functions. He does not behave as a son at his mother's funeral—he does not weep; he does not behave as a husband—he declines to take marriage seriously even at the moment of his engagement. Because he does not pretend, he is a stranger whom no one understands, and he pays with his life for his affront to society. Since he refuses to play the game, he is isolated from his fellow-men to the point of incomprehensibility and isolated from himself to the point of becoming inarticulate. Only in a last scene, immediately before his death, does the hero arrive at some kind of explanation which conveys the impression that for him life itself was such a mystery and in its terrible way so beautiful that he did not see any necessity for "improving" upon it with the trimmings of good behavior and hollow pretensions.

Sartre's brilliant play "Huis Clos" belongs to the same category. The play opens in hell, appropriately furnished in the style of the Second Empire. The three persons gathered in the room—"Hell is the Others"—set the diabolical tor-

ture in motion by trying to pretend. Since, however, their lives are closed and since "you are your life and nothing else," pretense no longer works, and we see what would go on behind closed doors if people actually were stripped of the sheltering cover of functions derived from society.

Both Sartre's play and Camus's novel deny the possibility of a genuine fellowship between men, of any relationship which would be direct, innocent, free of pretense. Love in Sartre's philosophy is the will to be loved, the need for a supreme confirmation of one's own existence. For Camus love is a somewhat awkward and hopeless attempt to break through the isolation of the individual.

The way out of pretense and serious-mindedness is to play at being what one really is. Again Kafka indicated in the last chapter of "Amerika" a new possibility of authentic life. The great "Nature Theater" where everyone is welcome and where everybody's unhappiness is resolved is not by accident a theater. Here everybody is invited to choose his role, to play at what he is or would like to be. The chosen role is the solution of the conflict between mere functioning and mere being, as well as between mere ambition and mere reality.

The new "ideal" becomes, in this context, the actor whose very profession is pretending, who constantly changes his role, and thus can never take any of his roles seriously. By playing at what one is, one guards one's freedom as a human being from the pretenses of one's functions; moreover, only by playing at what he really is, is man able to affirm that he is never identical with himself as a thing is identical with itself. An inkpot is always an inkpot. Man is his life and his actions, which are never finished until the very moment of his death. He *is* his existence.

The second common element of French Existentialism, the insistence upon the basic homelessness of man in the world, is the topic of Camus's "Le Mythe de Sisyphe; essai sur l'absurde," and of Sartre's "La Nausée." For Camus man is essentially the stranger because the world in general and man as man are not fitted for each other; that they are together in existence makes the human condition an absurdity. Man is the only "thing" in the world which obviously does not belong in it, for only man does not exist simply as a man among men in the way animals exist among animals and trees among trees—all of which necessarily exist, so to speak, in the plural. Man is basically alone with his "revolt" and his "clairvoyance," that is, with his reasoning, which makes him ridiculous because the gift of reason was bestowed upon him in a world "where everything is given and nothing ever explained."

Sartre's notion of the absurdity, the contingency, of existence is best represented in the chapter of "La Nausée" which appears in the current issue of the *Partisan Review* under the title The Root of the Chestnut Tree. Whatever exists, so far as we can see, has not the slightest reason for its existence. It is simply *de trop*, superfluous. The fact that I can't even imagine a world in which, instead of many too many things, there would be nothing only shows the hopelessness and senselessness of man's being eternally entangled in existence.

Here Sartre and Camus part company, if we may judge from the few works of theirs which have reached this country. The absurdity of existence and the repudiation of *l'esprit*

sérieux are only points of departure for each. Camus seems to have gone on to a philosophy of absurdity, whereas Sartre seems to be working toward some new positive philosophy and even a new humanism.

Camus has probably protested against being called an Existentialist because for him the absurdity does not lie in man as such or in the world as such but only in their being thrown together. Since man's life, being laid in the world, is absurd, it must be lived as absurdity—lived, that is, in a kind of proud defiance which insists on reason despite the experience of reason's failure to explain anything; insists on despair since man's pride will not allow him the hope of discovering a sense he cannot figure out by means of reason; insists, finally, that reason and human dignity, in spite of their senselessness, remain the supreme values. The absurd life then consists in constantly rebelling against all its conditions and in constantly refusing consolations. "This revolt is the price of life. Spread over the whole of an existence, it restores its grandeur." All that remains, all that one can say yes to, is chance itself, the *hazard roi* which has apparently played at putting man and world together. "I judge that everything is well," said Oedipus, and this word is sacred. It resounds in the ferocious universe which is the limit of man. . . . It makes of destiny an affair of men which should be settled among men." This is precisely the point where Camus, without giving much explanation, leaves behind all modernistic attitudes and comes to insights which are genuinely modern, the insight, for instance, that the moment may have arrived "when creation is no longer taken tragically; it is only taken seriously."

For Sartre, absurdity is of the essence of things as well as of man. Anything that exists is absurd simply because it exists. The salient difference between the things of the world and the human being is that things are unequivocally identical with themselves, whereas man—because he sees and knows that he sees, believes and knows that he believes—bears within his consciousness a negation which makes it impossible for him ever to become one with himself. In this single respect—in respect of his consciousness, which has the germ of negation in it—man is a creator. For this is of man's own making and not merely given, as the world and his existence are given. If man becomes aware of his own consciousness and its tremendous creative possibilities, and renounces the longing to be identical with himself as a thing is, he realizes that he depends upon nothing and nobody outside himself and that he can be free, the master of his own destiny. This seems to be the essential meaning of Sartre's novel "Les Mouches" ("The Flies"), in which Orestes, by taking upon himself the responsibility for the necessary killing of which the town is afraid, liberates the town and takes the Flies—the Erinyes of bad conscience and of the dark fear of revenge—with him. He himself is immune because he does not feel guilty and regrets nothing.

It would be a cheap error to mistake this new trend in philosophy and literature for just another fashion of the day because its exponents refuse the respectability of institutions and do not even pretend to that seriousness which regards every achievement as a step in a career. Nor should we be put off by the loud journalistic success with which their work has been accompanied. This success, equivocal as it may

be in itself, is nevertheless due to the quality of the work. It is also due to a definite modernity of attitude which does not try to hide the depth of the break in Western tradition. Camus especially has the courage not even to look for connections, for predecessors and the like. The good thing about Sartre and Camus is that they apparently suffer no longer from nostalgia for the good old days, even though they may know that in an abstract sense those days were actually better than ours. They do not believe in the magic of the old, and they are honest in that they make no compromises whatever.

Yet if the revolutionary élan of these writers is not broken by success, if, symbolically speaking, they stick to their hotel rooms and their cafes, the time may come when it will be necessary to point out "seriously" those aspects of their philosophy which indicate that they are still dangerously involved in old concepts. The nihilistic elements, which are obvious in spite of all protests to the contrary, are not the consequences of new insights but of some very old ideas.

THREE POEMS

BY ROBERT LOWELL

Rebellion

There was rebellion, Father, when the mock
French windows slammed and you hove backwards, rammed
Into your heirlooms, screens, a glass-cased clock,
The highboy quaking to its toes, and damned
My arm that cast your house upon your head
And broke its flintlock on your skull. The dead
Caught at my knees and fell:

And it was well

With me, my Father. Then

Behemoth and Leviathan

Devoured our mighty merchants. None could arm

Or put to sea. O Father, on my farm

I added field to field

And I have sealed

An everlasting pact

With Dives to contract

The world that spreads in pain;

My bondsmen, having had their fill,

No longer line the ditch at Bunker Hill

Where the clubbed muskets broke the redcoat's brain.

The North Sea Undertaker's Complaint

Now south and south and south the mallard heads,
His green-blue bony hood echoes the green
Shutters of Gray Rock, and the mussel beds
Are sluggish where the webbed feet spanked the lean
Eel grass to tinder in the take-off. South
Is what I think of. It seems yesterday
I slid my hearse across the river mouth
And pitched the first iced mouse into the hay.
Thirty below, it is. I hear the dumb
Club-footed orphan ring the Angelus
And clank the bell-chain for St. Gertrude's choir
To wail with the dead bell the martyrdom
Of two more parish priests, the phosphorous
Shriveled to glory when they babbled *fire*.

Where the Rainbow Ends

I saw the sky descending, black and white
Not blue, on Boston where the winters wore
The skulls to jack o'lanterns on the slates
And Hunger's skin-and-bone retrievers tore
The chickadee and shrike. The thorn tree waits
Its victim and tonight
The worms will eat the deadwood to the foot
Of Ararat: the scythers, Time and Death,
Helméd locusts, move upon the tree of breath;
The wild ingrafted olive and the root

Are withered, and a winter drifts to where
The Pepperpot, ironic rainbow, spans
Charles River and its scales of scorched-earth miles,
The tree-dabbed suburb where construction mans
The wrath of God. About the Chapel, piles
Of dead leaves char the air
And I am a red arrow on this graph
Of revelations. Every dove is sold,
The Chapel's sharp-shinned eagle shifts its hold
On Serpent-Time, the Rainbow's epitaph.

In Boston serpents whistle at the cold.
The victim climbs the altar steps and sings:
"Hosannah to the lion, lamb and beast
Who fans the furnace fire of Is with wings:
I breathe the ether of my marriage feast."
At the high altar, gold
And a fair cloth. I kneel and the wings beat
My cheek. What can the Dove of Jesus give
You now but wisdom, exile? Stand and live,
The dove has brought an olive branch to eat.

THOMAS PAINE, Rationalist

BY PERRY MILLER

TODAY it is unnecessary to defend Tom Paine against Theodore Roosevelt's accusation, "filthy little atheist." Historians and biographers have at last impressed upon our generation the long-forgotten fact that "The Age of Reason," from which Paine's fame as an "infidel" sprang, was actually the work of a pious deist. Yet it remains a significant commentary on Paine's career that for a century after his death Americans charged him with infidelity on the strength of a book he wrote in the pathetic hope of arresting the progress of atheism in France of the Terror. His simple confidence that mere rational persuasion could curb the unleashed furies of the Revolution was roundly refuted by the Jacobins who condemned him to prison. The irony of his subsequent reputation shows how Paine was victimized by his place in history; he had the misfortune to be the most fervent of rationalists at the very moment when rationalism of the eighteenth-century variety was going down before the rush of an entirely new kind of fervor.

Undoubtedly it was his reputed infidelity that caused nineteenth-century America to forget his services in the War of Independence. When he returned to America in 1802, political machinations were again to challenge his faith in the

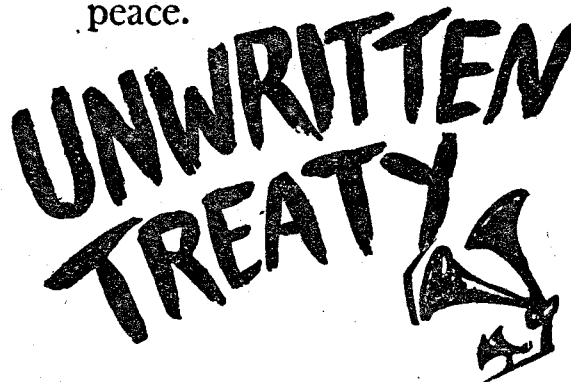
goodness of man, for under the regime of Thomas Jefferson, Federalist politicians and clergymen found that by denouncing the atheism of Tom Paine they could strike a glancing blow at the man in the White House. Their campaign of vilification found a ready response among the people for the more important reason that it coincided with an evangelical revival and the collapse of the "republican religion" of the eighteenth century. Not until the twentieth century, when Paine's anti-Christian sentiments no longer seemed shocking or dangerous, could justice be done to him, and the image of the "filthy atheist" be replaced with that of the champion of liberty writing the first *Crisis* paper on a drumhead by the light of a camp fire among Washington's demoralized militia. Yet bigotry in the age of Jackson must have been intense indeed if it could so utterly efface the memory of Paine's patriotism. It seems strange, moreover, that even emancipated Americans of the time, Emerson and Thoreau for instance, should have thought so little of Paine that they went to Luther and Cromwell for their revolutionary heroes and celebrated Napoleon as the Representative Man of Action. Perhaps bigotry is not, then, the only explanation for the neglect into which he fell.

The answer to his problem is not long in emerging when Paine's work is surveyed in the new complete edition of Dr. Foner,* where we can view it in its entirety, excellently annotated and unobscured by the haze of nineteenth-century religious prejudice. When one reviews these 2,000 pages of political polemics, deistic tracts, scientific projects, labored verse, and argumentative letters, one may ask oneself where else in English literature one could go to find enunciated more clearly, more concisely, more readably the body of doctrine conveyed by the term "eighteenth-century rationalism." Certainly not to Locke himself, for however simplified the doctrine ultimately became, in him it was tentative and skeptical, and made consistent with the "reasonableness of Christianity." Nor to Jefferson either, for despite the succinctness achieved in the second paragraph of the Declaration of Independence, his thinking was characteristically much more subtle, more uncomfortably aware of the complexities of human nature and society. Perhaps the closest parallel is Paine's contemporary, Godwin; but in him the rational doctrine had become rigid and fanatical, with a "Gothic" element entirely lacking in Paine. So we may look to Paine to find, in all its naked simplicity, the faith that animated the optimistic eighteenth century: the belief that man is by nature good and reasonable, since his mind is a *tabula rasa* on which a benevolent Newtonian universe writes rational principles; that the evils of society have been brought about by the scheming designs of a few corrupt kings and priests; that all man has to do in order to reach his original perfection is to excise these corruptions and let nature take its course. Society, his thesis runs, is "natural," while government is an artificial construction of rational men to facilitate the ends of society. But when government "assumes to exist for itself, and acts by partialities of favor and oppression, it becomes the cause of the mischiefs it ought to prevent." The remedy for Paine is always to reduce the scope of government; the body of his work is devoted, in this sense, to a negative purpose, because he was always serenely confident

* "The Complete Writings of Thomas Paine," Collected and Edited by Philip S. Foner. Two Volumes. The Citadel Press. \$6.

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that the positive functions would take care of themselves. For example, "in those associations which men promiscuously form for the purpose of trade, . . . in which government is totally out of question, . . . we see how naturally the various parties unite." Paine believed that men were held together in human society for motives as simple as those that formed joint-stock companies, and no amount of experience with contentious Frenchmen or Americans could shake his conviction.

The neat simplicity of this thinking explains in part why Paine was effective as a political pamphleteer. He was the ideal spokesman in a time of hesitation, when issues needed to be crystallized, when the period of debate was closed and arms must decide the contest. Yet there was something more to Paine's achievement than mere simplification of issues. Jefferson put his finger upon it exactly: "No writer has exceeded Paine in ease and familiarity of style, in perspicuity of expression, happiness of elucidation, and in simple and unassuming language." Paine preached the doctrines of natural rights, social compact, and right of revolution in their classic simplicity, not only because he was incapable of more complex thinking, but also because he had a more pressing motive for preaching them than other theorists of the century. Actually, the doctrine was a learned production, best understood by men like Jefferson who could see through the cloudy style of John Locke and follow the demonstrations of Sir Isaac Newton; Paine was neither gentleman nor scholar. He was poor and self-educated; the theory of natural goodness and natural rights was not the amusement of his leisure. For him the debate was to be won not in the library

but among men. Above all, it had to be made clear to the mass of men. It is therefore as a popularizer that Paine must be estimated, not as a theorist. He was the man who could bring home the idea of the social compact to the meanest capacity in colonial America through the problem of building a log house on the frontier: "Four or five united would be able to raise a tolerable dwelling in the midst of a wilderness, but one man might labor out the common period of life without accomplishing anything." Or he could dramatize the political covenant in a single phrase: "Some convenient tree will afford them a State House." So also he was at his best when he ridiculed Burke's purple passage on the vanished chivalry of France which should have rallied to the side of a silly queen with his devastating epigram, "He pities the plumage but forgets the dying bird," or when he exposed Burke's perversion of the Glorious Revolution by declaring that the Parliament of 1688 might as well have enacted themselves to live forever as have made their authority to live forever.

But there was something else in Burke which Paine was unable to understand. For the polemical occasion, it is true, he did not need to examine the fundamentals of Burke's thinking; nevertheless, when he replied only by exploding Burke's rhetoric and by straightforwardly reasserting the rational doctrine, Paine betrayed a complete inability to grasp Burke's vision of society as organic and not contractual, Burke's concept of man as an emotional being and not a calculating machine. Paine could perceive that Burke's eloquence was a defense of the status quo, but he could not see that Burke understood some tendencies of human nature better than he, tendencies which even at that moment were carrying the French Revolution into directions that nullified the rational doctrine. It was Burke and not Paine who predicted Napoleon.

There is pathos enough in Paine's last years. Living in poverty, denied a vote by the righteous citizens of New Rochelle, he petitioned Congress again and again for some reward for his work in the Revolution, a reward that was altogether his due when it is remembered that he had taken no profits from the immense sale of his writings. And yet there is in these memorials a note of self-righteousness that interferes with our complete sympathy. He was reduced to quoting his own words to remind a heedless generation that those had been "the times that tried men's souls," and with all the tedious obstinacy of a man with the truth on his side he insisted, "I do not believe independence would have been declared had it not been for the effect" of "Common Sense." It is a sad spectacle, and a reproof to America. But it is clear also that Paine had outlived his time. The ringing words of 1776 or even of 1792 were no longer ringing. When Emerson called upon the young writers of America to treat the near, the low, the common, instead of the sublime and beautiful, to deal with the meal in the firkin and the milk in the pan instead of following the "cold and pedantic" style of Johnson or Gibbon, it did not occur to him to make an exception of Paine. Even the language of Jefferson's praise shows to what stylistic era Paine belonged, the age of "perspicuity" and "elucidation." With all his courage and selfless devotion Paine remained the single-minded doctrinaire. He was an artist and a writer first and

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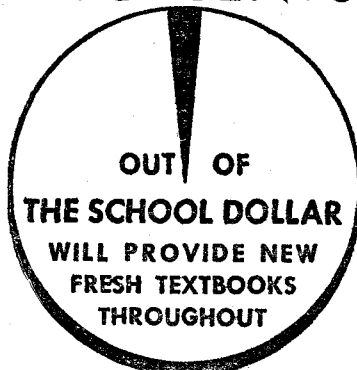
MEDICAL USES OF ATOMIC ENERGY is the title of an article in the January Atlantic Monthly by Professor Robley D. Evans of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This institution was prominent in the development of atomic energy and the discovery of the atomic bomb.

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foremost, but an artist within narrow limits. The man of the people could make the doctrine of the learned live for the people only so long as they would listen to the language of rationalism. And so the failure of nineteenth-century liberals to perceive that Paine had pleaded their cause in eighteenth-century language is comprehensible. To appreciate Paine today requires an exercise of the historical imagination, from which one comes away impressed on the one hand with his integrity and his courage and on the other with the limitations of his mind and the fatiguing insistence of his optimism. One comes away, also, with a renewed realization of the difficulties involved in presenting complex political issues on the plane of the people's understanding. The price of popularizing for contemporaries is temporary popularity.

"The Russian Adventure"

SOVIET POLITICS AT HOME AND ABROAD. By Frederick L. Schuman. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.

ABOUT the difficulty of either writing or reviewing a book on Russia Professor Schuman speaks eloquently. "The Russian adventure," he says, "was nurtured on soaring aspirations and reared to a tough and efficient manhood amid the squalor of poverty, the excitement of vast adventures, and the grim necessity of a brutal fight for life. If the result does not lend itself to any description and analysis to which all informed and reasonable persons can subscribe, the difficulty scarcely lies in the complexity of the society observed. It is rather attributable to the absence among observers of any generally accepted norms and techniques for depicting the social dynamics of any contemporary community."

Most books on Russia manage merely to reinforce our previous prejudices and preconceptions, partly because these prejudices are deeply cherished and partly because the author himself is guided in the selection of his material by profound political and spiritual commitments. Let it be said immediately that Professor Schuman's basic convictions do not fit into the usual pattern of the Russophobes or the Russophiles, of those who regard Russia as the seat of vice or virtue in international relations.

He is profoundly convinced that in the absence of a world government—which for reasons he does not adequately explain he seems to regard as having been within the historical possibilities of our era—the peace of the world requires the closest collaboration between Russia and the Western powers and therefore the best possible understanding of each other's virtues and good intentions. There must be an increasing number of people in this country who, despite their prejudices, share this conviction because it is so inescapable.

Professor Schuman adds a new force to this conclusion by believing and proving that there is no more possibility of the liberal democratic creed conquering Russia than of the Western world overwhelming Russia in military conflict; and *per contra* that Russia can no more defeat the Western world than the Communist creed could become the means of salvation for a not too healthy Western

society. "Marxist dreamers of world revolution," he declares, "while wholly incapable of uniting the global society of our time, could yet shatter the hope of unity beyond repair if their dream should ever again become the guide of Soviet policy. Fortunately no such development is possible. The men of the Kremlin are realists."

Many of us are willing to entertain this belief or hope with Professor Schuman, but we are not quite as sure about it as he is. He assumes again and again that the Communist parties of the world have no real relation to Kremlin policy but are merely mouthing phrases which Russian policy has made obsolete. Quite a few lengthy quotations from Kremlin leaders in his own book contain strong ideological attacks upon Western democracy and capitalism, and none of them prove that Stalin's disavowal of Trotsky's plan of world revolution means more than the insistence that communism must be made secure in Russia first. It may be that dreams of world revolution will ultimately be completely disavowed. All we can say at the moment is that this ultimate hope of Marxism is held in abeyance in Russia, but not in such a way that the Kremlin is unable to use the groups in the Western world which cling to it as instruments of its policy.

Though he may have failed to be completely discriminating on such details, Professor Schuman's effort to support the necessary psychological disarmament between Russia and the West with an ideological disarmament is important and persuasive. He is not equally persuasive in analyzing the actual political realities in either Russia or the West.

In assessing the future of Western democracy Schuman

assumes, rightly I believe, that in the event of social catastrophe a middle-class society is much more likely to try fascist than Communist forms of escape from its problems. "The Soviet way can never be the way of the West," he says. He is rather scornful of the Socialist meliorists in the Western world, but his own program for the solution of our political problem is essentially theirs. "A new way," he declares, "combining in its design as much public planning as is needful for stability and as much private property and competitive enterprise as is possible of preservation, must be found if modern man is to escape self-inflicted annihilation. Any contention that such a union of public and private activities is impossible is a threat of death sentence upon Western culture." This way out is not elaborated beyond this single sentence.

In dealing with the political realities in Russia he begins with the basic and essentially correct proposition that the kind of planning which is done in Russia is incompatible with democratic or party government as we know it. Beyond this point he seems uncertain whether to regard the consequence as a dangerous destruction of democracy or as a new kind of democracy which will ultimately develop some more obvious characteristics of democracy. On the whole he is inclined to the latter view.

Perhaps a reviewer is merely betraying his own prejudices if he finds these democratic explanations of the absence of democracy in Russia unconvincing. But many of them seem unconvincing on Schuman's own grounds. A few examples are in order:

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Schuman finds the adulation of Stalin disquieting, for "it recalls to Western democrats the ancient myth of the divine right of kings, the modern cult of charismatic despots, and every other image of arbitrary personal power." Yet he finally dismisses the extravagant appreciation of Stalin as not being due to personal conceit and as not having had the consequence "of isolating Stalin from his colleagues or causing him to suffer the atrophy of his critical faculties." This seems to me to miss the point that a political system which makes a leader immune to criticism inevitably results in extravagant appreciation of his powers and virtues and that this quasi-religious adoration in turn adds to his arbitrary power.

On the subject of the class structure of the new Soviet state, Schuman wisely recognizes that differentiation of function does create at least inchoate classes. But he is convinced that the Russian system will validate itself because it is practically impossible for a "leisure class" to arise. This assumes that the primary threat to justice is a functionless class which lives on the labor of others. Is not the primary threat an oligarchic class which holds irresponsible power? In a capitalist society such a class may vote itself undue privileges, including that of functionless leisure for its offspring. But it is dangerous to justice if it refrains from this privilege and exercises power which is not subject to review. There is such a class in Russia, though it is probably not yet self-perpetuating and may not become so.

On the question of the relation of freedom to literature and the arts Schuman thinks that the tremendous output of the Soviet men of letters validates a system which "gives scientists and artists economic security through regular salaries plus generous rewards for achievement through royalties, prizes, and numerous privileges. Since freedom is commonly viewed in the West as the sine qua non of productivity, the enigma of Soviet culture seems to many quite inexplicable." The difficulty here is that "productivity" is made the criterion of the adequacy of the artist.

All the inadequacies of interpretation seem to be derived from a lack of understanding of the fundamental value of freedom. We are told for instance that "freedom from want is the best guaranty of freedom of speech and religion." Actually it is possible to beguile men from seeking a more ultimate freedom by securing them against want. As Professor Schuman himself admits in another context, "a job without free speech may seem preferable to free speech without a job."

It must be admitted that Western civilization has not solved its economic problem within the framework of a free society; and it may not be able to. It may be that Russia has solved the economic problem. We ought at any rate to appreciate the real achievements of this great adventure. But if genuine liberty has been sacrificed for the sake of achieving its end, we ought to know about it. The world society is bound to embrace various economies and cultures. It is therefore important to mitigate prejudices against systems other than our own. But our tolerance need not prompt us to disavow what we have painfully learned about the relation of freedom to justice in ages of history.

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The Irrepressible Myth

THE SHELLEY LEGEND. By Robert Metcalf Smith, in collaboration with Martha Mary Schlegel, Theodore George Ehrsam, and Louis Addison Waters. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.

THE Shelley myth perhaps began when Trelawny snatched Shelley's heart from the funeral flames and, by making a present of it to Leigh Hunt, precipitated the quarrel between Hunt and Mary Shelley over the rightful ownership of the precious relic. Professor Smith and his collaborators do not call it a myth; they call it a legend and really mean a lie. The nature of the story they investigate, whether myth, legend, or lie, cannot better be suggested than by the fact that one of the most familiar portraits of Shelley—there are no wholly authentic portraits from the life—is a conscious copy of Leonardo's head of Christ with only a slight change of features. Students of comparative religion point out how the Dying God of the fertility rites, Attis or Adonis, was assimilated to the Christian Messiah. Professor Smith and his colleagues undertake to show how the Shelley who preached sexual freedom and freely practiced what he preached was turned into a figure acceptable to Victorian piety.

It has of course long been known that Mary Shelley wished to clear her husband of any taint of free sexuality. For one thing, she wanted to be known as the unique love of Shelley's life. Then, too, she hoped to obscure anything that might make the poet unacceptable to the strict morality of a later time, or that might bring embarrassment to their son, Sir Percy Shelley. To maintain her position as Shelley's only real mate she encouraged the vilification of his first wife, Harriet; she falsified her husband's relationship to her half-sister, Claire Clairmont, and she was inclined to represent as mere "platonics" whatever manifestations of Shelley's roving attention made her uneasy. Yet in point of fact neither Shelley nor Mary herself practiced the chastity she was later to prize. Professor Newman Ivey White, in his "Shelley," has shown that they planned to carry out Shelley's theory of sexual community by admitting Shelley's old friend Hogg as a third party to their marriage; now Professor Smith shows that this plan was actually put into effect. It is clear to Professor Smith, and he makes it pretty clear to the reader, that

Shelley was Claire Clairmont's lover and even that he was, what Professor White insists he was not, the father of a child by Claire, the mysterious Elena, of whose existence Professor White first made us aware. And it seems pretty certain to Professor Smith that Shelley was the lover and not merely the admirer of Jane Williams.

Although Mary Shelley is not a person of attractive character, much can be forgiven her natural pride and her impulse to protect herself and her son. Her daughter-in-law, Lady Shelley, is less forgivable and more interesting. Someone called her "a more temperate Lady Macbeth," and if we look at the matter with the novelistic eye it deserves, she is the great figure in the story. She was married not so much to Shelley's son as to Shelley's fame, and she devoted her life to establishing its spotlessness. She opened her long campaign by erecting the first Shelley monument, a dreadful statue of the drowned poet expiring in Mary's arms in the traditional posture of the *Pietà*. She established the Shelley shrine at Boscombe Manor and required that ladies remove their bonnets before coming into the presence of its relics. She rehabilitated Shelley at Oxford by bringing about the acceptance of a monument by the very University College that had expelled the undergraduate Shelley for atheism. She allowed her manuscripts to be used only by those biographers whom she could control, or thought she could; she excised passages from important documents; in order to clear Shelley of any blame for Harriet's suicide she accepted as authentic certain letters that she knew, or had reason to know, were forged. She established and largely manipulated the Shelley Society, where miasmatic minds demonstrated that Shelley was everything he was not. The very shape of Shelley's nose was a matter for her passionate supervision, and she fought against even the authority of Shelley's own description of it, for he had so far forgotten himself as to write of it as a "little turn-up nose."

A precise judgment of the conclusions reached by Professor Smith in all the questions he raises is beyond the competence and rather beyond the interest of this reviewer. Professor Smith's general view of Shelley's sexual conduct can surprise no one who is aware of the ease with which Shelley passed from theory to practice. That Shelley has been represented, in both his life and his thought, in an emasculated and sentimental way is certainly true, and it is useful and amusing to know how much conscious effort helped bring this about. If there is one major criticism to be made of "The Shelley Legend," a work of which the scholarship is precise to the point of querulousness, it is that its authors seem unaware of what is primary in the myth they deal with—that is, Shelley himself. "None of us was the same after Shelley's death," Trelawny said, and indeed to the little group in Italy Shelley irradiated some energy, or meaning, that made them more alive than they would ever be again. For good or bad, his poetry, which was always involved with his life, continues that irradiation. He was a mythopoetic man, a mythical personality. He saw himself as what we now call a culture hero, and he saw himself truly. Professor Smith and his collaborators, careful and literal people, see how the lies and perversions were contrived, but they do not see either the energy of the myth itself or its ability to absorb lies. Mary Shelley Creates the Shelley Legend is one of the book's

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chapter headings. But actually Mary, whatever she wished, did no more than make certain quantitative changes in the account of the hero's life. Neither she nor Lady Shelley made the legend or myth. What is important in a culture hero is the *pattern* of his conduct, and this they did not change. The charm of the myth of Shelley, for those who are charmed by it, is the paradox of strength in weakness, of duty in pleasure, of chastity in passion. This pattern Shelley established himself. Shelley believed that nothing he did was sinful or wrong, that his sexual passions were chaste no matter how indulged; Mary made out that he did nothing sinful or wrong, but although she omits the indulgence, she is careful not to destroy the paradox of his passion and chastity. Her version of the paradox was more easily accepted than the poet's own, but still it was the paradox that had meaning and appeal. Like any myth, the Shelley myth had to sink some of the terrors of reality before it could become available.

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MARSDEN HARTLEY'S collection of verse ("Selected Poems," Viking, \$3) shows observation, sentiment, humor, and indignation but no knowledge of how to organize and concentrate these into poems; the sympathetic magic that takes the place of knowledge he seems to have borrowed, with ungrudging and rather unreflecting admiration, from whatever passed as *lingua franca* among modernist poets in the '20's. If there were only some mechanism—like Seurat's proposed system of painting, or that projected Universal Algebra Gödel innocently believes Leibnitz to have perfected and mislaid—for reasonably and systematically converting into poetry what we see and feel and are! When one reads the verse of people who cannot write poems—people who often have more intelligence, sensibility, and moral discrimination than most of the poets—it is hard not to regard the Muse as a sort of fairy godmother who says to the poet, after her colleagues have showered on him the most disconcerting of gifts: "Well, never mind. You're still the only one that can write poetry."

This is so much the age of anthologies that it is surprising that poets still waste their time on books of verse, instead of writing anthologies in the first place. If you are about to print a book of poems, don't: make up a few names and biographical sketches with which to punctuate your manuscript, change its title to "Poems of Democracy," and you will find yourself transformed from an old pumpkin, always in the red, to a shiny black new coach. For the average reader knows poetry mainly from anthologies, just as he knows philosophy mainly from histories of philosophy or textbooks: the "Complete So-in-So"—thousands of small-type, double-column pages of *poetry*, without one informing repentant sentence of ordinary prose—evokes from him a start of that savage and unreasoning timidity, that *horror vacui*, with which he stares at the lemmas and corollaries of Spinoza's "Ethics." Those cultural entrepreneurs, the anthologists, have become figures of melancholy and deciding importance for the average reader of poetry, a man of great scope and little grasp, who still knows what he likes—in the anthologies.

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And yet if you ask, "What do I need to become an anthologist?" it is difficult to answer, as one would like to answer, "Taste." Zeal and a publisher are the irreducible, and usually unexceeded, minima. The typical anthologist is a sort of Gallup poll with connections—often astonishing ones; it is hard to know whether he is printing a poem because he likes it, because his acquaintances tell him he ought to, or because he went to high school with the poet. But certainly he is beyond good or evil, and stares over his herds of poets like a patriarch, nodding or pointing with a large industrial air.

Anthologies are, ideally, an essential species of criticism. Nothing expresses and exposes your taste so completely—nothing is your taste so nearly—as that vague final treasury of the *really* best poems that grows in your head all your life, and that finds ambiguous and expedient utterance, if you are an anthologist, in the more "objective" anthology you send your publishers. Your readers will have to infer that taste mainly from the more unusual inclusions and omissions of your anthology. (You may leave out James Whitcomb Riley because you are afraid of being laughed at; but if you leave out Spenser you mean business.) It is a pity that Arnold's touchstones, which as they are remind one of the charm bracelets little girls wear, never evolved into an anthology. Nobody quotes better than Eliot—his quotations and preferences have helped generate two of the better modern anthologies, those of Charles Williams and Michael Roberts; it is a great pity that he has never made an anthology of his own instead of sticking to "Selected Poems." Even a highly idiosyncratic taste can produce charming and valuable anthologies of a more personal sort: imagine the "Moral Treasury" of Yvor Winters! And since anthologies are a part of criticism, there should be anthologies which explain instead of evaluating: which demonstrate, say, the rise and fall of a certain way of looking at the world, by reproducing its most typical, influential, or exaggerated expressions, not merely its most poetically successful ones. But I am talking about rare or non-existent anthologies, not the commercial conveniences one encounters in bookstores.

I am grateful to the editors of "War and the Poet," Richard Eberhart and Selden Rodman (Devin-Adair \$3), for two enchanting poems entirely new to me. One, called "The Maunding Soldier, or the Fruits of Warre Is Beggary," is a ballad written with extraordinary humor and command, quite worthy of being recited to the ghost of Falstaff. The other is the poem—the only one extant—of a predecessor of Dante's named Niccolo degli Albizzi. I wish that he had written as many poems as Southey; I am never going to forget the "black yellow smoke-dried visages" of the defeated, starving, and shamefaced troops "stumbling for hunger on their marrow-bones Like barrels rolling, jolting . . . their eyes, like hanged men's, turning the wrong way." He is the only poet I ever read who could have written, "Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye," for he ends his poem:

Their arms all gone, not even their swords are saved;
And each as silent as a man being shaved.

Otherwise "War and the Poet" is not much. It is thoroughly topical in conception, though it appears, like the P-80, a little late for combat. Its editors have great enthusiasm,

moderate sensibility, and little judgment. After reading prefaces that are gushing and eccentric, notes that are random and gossipy, and war poems that are sometimes good, sometimes bad, and sometimes not war poems at all, you know a great deal about the emotions and ideals of the editors, but you have no idea whether either of them can tell a good poem from a bad one. Some of their judgments are hardly normative at all: only chance or necessity could have led them to include obviously bad or mediocre poems by Shaemas O'Sheel or Don Gordon or Kenneth Patchen or Timothy Corcellis or Harry Brown, or such, while they were leaving out "Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen" and Yeats's poems about the Irish civil war; "Willie MacIntosh"; Owen's "Miners" and "Exposure"; Gregory's poem about the dead of the American Revolution or Tate's poem about the dead of the Civil War; and many more. Often they pick the right poet but the wrong poem: imagine representing Yeats by nothing but "An Irish Airman Foresees His Death"! Imagine picking from the Bible neither the 137th Psalm nor that chorus of wondering exultation over fallen Assyria that begins, "Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming"—and that goes on, "How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!" There are good poems in the anthology, but far too few to leaven a lump of its size.

But there is one thing in "War and the Poet" that deserves to be immortal. Its dust-jacket, after condemning politicians, scientists, journalists, and "literary pundits" for their part in the war, concludes: "Only the poets, inspired by a tradition of humanism that brooked no barriers of race or creed, kept faith." Surely this is the most charitable conclusion that anyone anywhere has ever come to.

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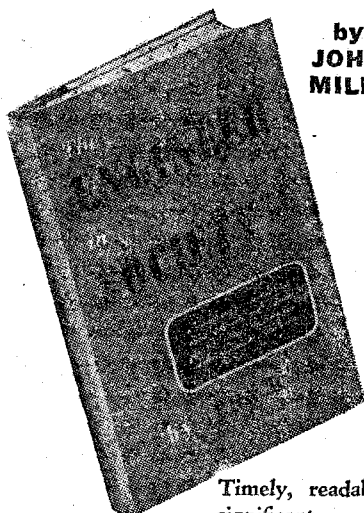
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Drama

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IN SAN FRANCISCO some years ago the late Sidney Howard was fascinated by the performance in a Chinese theater of a play called "Pi-pa-ki." This play, so we are told, has been extremely popular in China for five hundred years, though it was little known except by name in the Western world. After prolonged inquiry Howard located an obscure French translation and made from that an English version which, over a period of years, various producers considered and then gave up. Will Irwin reworked the text, and at last "Lute Song," as it is now called, reaches the Plymouth in an astonishingly prodigal production. There are lyrics by Bernard Hanighen and music by Raymond Scott; there are settings (very fine) by Robert Edmund Jones and costumes by Jones and by Valentina. There is choreography by Yeichi Nimura, and there is, finally, a large cast of excellent performers, including, among others, Mary Martin, McKay Morris, Helen Craig, and Augustin Duncan. Michael Myerberg, the producer, has been so lavish with talent as well as with money that the spectator has some difficulty putting it all together or taking it all in. He is likely to finish the evening more dazzled and bemused than quite sure just what judgment he wants to pronounce upon the whole.

To say merely this is no doubt to say that there is a possible ultimate success which the production does not achieve. But it does not, on the other hand, by any means imply mere failure or anything near it. As a play "Lute Song" is occasionally faintly puzzling, at a few moments a trifle languid, at certain other moments very beautiful and very touching. As spectacle, as movement and color and design, it is always absorbing, sometimes thrilling, even breath-taking. Raymond Scott's incidental music seemed to me to serve its purpose admirably, but his songs, though agreeable in themselves, struck me as not wholly appropriate. One of them, "Mountain High, Valley Low," is quite lovely and another, "Monkey See, Monkey Do," quite charming. But even these, though properly plaintive and without stridency, seem to carry both in the words and in the music a suggestion of the ragtime idiom which does not accord too well with either the text of the play or the atmosphere of the production.

Mary Martin reveals quite unexpected excellence as an actress in the role of the heroine, which is said to have been one of Mei Lang Fang's famous parts. The story concerns the long separation of a devoted bride and her young scholar husband, who is held against his will at the imperial court, and that story as well as the manner in which it is told resembles in a broad general way the very few other ancient Chinese plays I am familiar with. Some of the dramatic devices employed—for instance, recognition first by one alone of the two parties and finally by both—are those familiar also in the ancient classics of the Western world. On the other hand, there is an atmosphere, not of question, but of pity, tolerance, resignation, and ultimate serenity, which is not Greek and which may possibly represent something which can be achieved only by those who have been civilized longer than the Greeks ever had time to be. When one considers also the sly humor and a pseudo-naïve method of storytelling which is obviously beyond rather than not up to realism, one begins to wonder whether the Chinese drama is not in spirit rather closer to "Cymbeline" and "The Winter's Tale" than to any other Occidental drama.

Obviously the text of "Lute Song" has passed through too many hands before reaching the Plymouth for anyone unfamiliar with the original to know how many of its incidental features correspond to equivalents in the play as first written. I have, for instance, no way of knowing whether the almost Gilbertian figure of the imperial preceptor of morals, who unctuously delivers himself of such sentiments as "Life, I have observed, is a sovereign remedy for the disease of optimism," is what the Chinese playwright meant him to be. But even if he is not, I think it easy to see that the original author was a satirist as well as a poet, that there are serene mockeries of tradition as well as serene acceptances of it in his work, and since we are being lavish of comparisons, we may add that he is quite as much in the tradition of Euripides and Molière as he is in that of less protestant playwrights.

However that may be, it still remains true of the present production that the most unequivocally successful part is the visual, and I suspect that the majority of spectators will find the most unforgettable moments to be those of ritual, ceremony, dance, and procession. I assume that the scenery, the costumes, the choreography, and all the rest of

it are merely "on Chinese themes," but the whole is molded into a consistent and stunningly effective style. I think that my susceptibility to pageantry is rather less than more than average, but I have seldom or never been more thrilled by anything of the kind than by, for instance, one of the processions in which the crimson-coated guards are followed by the big drum born suspended from poles and sounded by the prancing figures who accompany it. I am sure that Mr. Scott's music contributed a great deal to the effect, and the fact that I was scarcely aware of it as a separate thing is no doubt a tribute to its excellence.

Art

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THIS year's water-color and drawing section of the Whitney Annual (through March 13) achieves a higher and more even general level than did the previous oil-painting instalment. Like the English, we have usually managed more successfully to extract the virtues of our defects in the lighter mediums than in oil. But the cost is only too often the absence of emphasis and vigor. The total impression of this show is less sad, it is true; yet it offers almost no occasions for real pleasure. Where the oils sinned by commission, the water colors and drawings do so by omission. And their extreme tepidness seems to furnish but more evidence of the broad-front retreat of American art at the moment.

But perhaps we have here the emergence of a new cultural phenomenon. Perhaps my excessive irritation at the Whitney's oil-painting instalment and the Pepsi-Cola show was misdirected—the result of taking them for something they were not, at bottom, intended to be. As Kurt List, the music critic, says, we may be witnessing the emergence of a new, middle-brow form of popular art that, while it exploits many of the innovations of avant-garde art, lowers their intensity and dilutes their seriousness in order to convert them into something calendar and magazine can digest—as if in answer to a public that is making new and higher demands on the art offered to it. Thus there is, for instance, the increasing practice on the part of commercial firms of having what in popular estimation are high-art artists illustrate their advertisements. (Usually, these painters

issue from the fanes of the Associated American Artists gallery, which plays a role as mediator between high art and *Kitsch* somewhat analogous to that played in literature by the *New Yorker* and *Harper's Bazaar*.)

The middle class in this country—though swelled by war prosperity with millions of new recruits who may be no easier to assimilate culturally than the previous 1918-1928 wave—is now surging toward culture under the pressure of anxiety, high taxes, and a shrinking industrial frontier. All this expresses itself in a market demand for cultural goods that are up to date and yet not too hard to consume. Such a demand, supported as it is by so much buying power, inevitably attracts and compels the serious and ambitious artist; he is tempted—most often unconsciously—to meet this demand by softening, sweetening, and simplifying his product. But what distinguishes the present situation is that the artist must not soften and sweeten too obviously, he cannot outrightly vulgarize—for the public still wants something that has the smell of high art.

This state of affairs constitutes a much greater threat to high art than *Kitsch* itself—which usually keeps the distinctions clear. The demand now is that the distinctions be blurred if not entirely obliterated, that is, that the vulgarization be more subtle and more general. Artists—who in this period have tended to be aggressively anti-intellectual—become reluctant to insist on preserving the distinctions, because the contemporary cultural élite, on whom high art presumably depends, can furnish them with neither intellectual and moral support nor markets. Given the temptations of attention and money, even the best of the artists find it difficult amid the present confusion of standards not to surrender to Mr. Luce or the Associated American Artists.

The future of art and literature will brighten in this country only when a new cultural élite appears with enough money and enough consciousness to counterbalance the pressure of the new mass market. The other alternative is socialism, of course—but right now who talks of socialism in America?

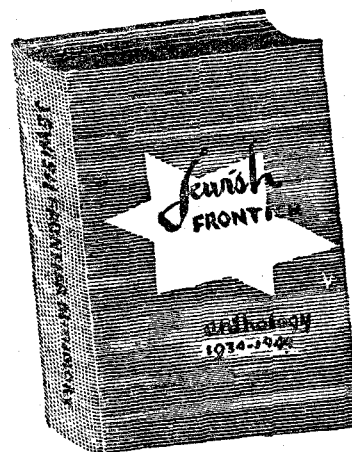
The sculpture instalment of the Whitney Annual, running concurrently with the water-color and drawing exhibit, is another story—perhaps because sculpture is slower to feel the pull and tug of public taste. The sculpture section shows on the whole a great improvement over former years.

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An abstract, skeleton-like piece in steel and bronze, "Transition," by Theodore Roszak, whose work has not been shown in public for several years, is the best thing in the entire museum. It expresses almost dramatically the composite character of its material—the tensile strength of steel and the fluidity of bronze—and at the same time conveys speed, directness, draftsmanship. David Smith's "Cockfight—Variation" shows inventiveness and animation but seems too dispersed when measured, as it must be, against this artist's best examples. In Trajan's polychrome Keen's-cement "Birth of Isis" I feel, as in most of this sculptor's work, a very genuine impulse that still fails to realize itself, dissipated in expressionist extravagance.

There is, as always, a great deal of false and cliché-ridden sculpture on hand at the Whitney, but the frequency of interesting pieces this year is surprising. Even work such as Isamu Noguchi's marble "Figure," a piece of contrived effect in inappropriate material, deriving from Picasso's "bone" period, and Martin Craig's "Lilith," coming from somewhere near the same quarter, elicits at least interest and hope. And two relatively academic statues, a bronze Lipschitzian "St. Christopher" by Nathaniel Kaz and a marble "Caress" by Oronzio Maldarelli (both, by some miracle, reproduced in the catalogue), overcome one's instinctive resistance enough to produce a definite pleasure—notwithstanding that the first is disfigured by a double anklet of bronze representing feet in water and the other's polished surface and stylized contours bring it very close to soap sculpture.

David Smith's work, David Hare's recent show, Theodore Roszak's return to activity, Calder's (somewhat undeserved) popularity, other signs—all point to the possible flowering of a new sculpture in America, a sculpture that exploits modern painting and draftsmanship, new industrial methods, and industrial materials. Certainly, of all arts, the new pictorial or constructivist sculpture relates best to American décor, understands it best, and would affect it most directly.

And—to return to the considerations touched on above—the new sculpture is protected as yet from public taste by its very novelty. This makes it rather hard, financially, for the sculptor himself, but he has the large or small satisfaction of knowing that his work will be bought for the right reasons in most cases. It still takes a certain independ-

ence of taste to invest in a Smith or a Hare.

Last but not least, the new sculptor has the advantage of working in a virgin medium, one in which even the groper and beginner can—as even gropers and beginners in naturalistic painting did in the fifteenth century—produce permanent works of art. Only a few hints are needed from the masters in Europe: Brancusi, Gonzalez, Gabo, the earlier Lipschitz, Pezsner, Giacometti. . . .

Music

B. H.
HAGGIN

THE tendency to archness and cuteness was disturbingly evident in Lotte Lehmann's Town Hall series last year—evident in her choice of songs that were themselves arch and cute, and in her treatment of some that were not. But what went on at the Wolf recital of this year's series—what she did, and the way her audience responded to her every titillation—was something for a stronger stomach than mine. And a song like "Nun wandre, Maria" she spoiled with exaggeratedly pathetic inflections that compelled constant retardations and accelerations in what should have been the steady plodding onward of the piano part. But if the idea of the piano part contributing anything to a song of Wolf or of Schubert beyond the minimum of sound necessary as a basis for her singing ever occurred to Lehmann, it seems to have been rejected by her.

It is admirable of Columbia to issue a recording of Mahler's Fourth Symphony performed by Bruno Walter with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony and Desi Halban, soprano (Set 589; \$6.50), and thus to make it possible for the public to get to know the lovely work from Walter's extraordinary performance of it. Fortunately, also, Columbia's engineers have achieved their best recording of the Philharmonic so far—one that makes the sound clear, bright, and agreeable.

Victor issued the Casals-Horszowski recording of Beethoven's wonderful Sonata Opus 102 No. 1 for cello and piano a number of years ago, but not the companion recording of Opus 102 No. 2, which Columbia now gives us performed by Piatigorsky and Berkowitz (Set X-258; \$2.50). The work is one of those in which there are the first manifestations of the characteristics of Beethoven's last sonatas and quartets. Its

first movement is abrupt and concise; the end of its slow movement is mysterious, strange, and remote; its concluding fugue is, for me, as inaccessible as parts of the "Grosse Fuge" and the concluding fugue of the "Hammerklavier" Sonata. The performers do well with the first half of the work; but are ineffective with the mystery and strangeness of the end of the slow movement, and seem to make no more sense of the fugue than I do. But this impression of their playing may be the result of recording which produces an extremely bad sound of the piano with the wide-range Brush pick-up or muffled confusion with the limited-range Astatic Tru-Tan.

On a single (12161-D; \$1) are the Overture and Allegro from the Couperin-Milhaud "La Sultane" Suite played by Mitropoulos with the Minneapolis Symphony, which I have compared with the Golschmann-St. Louis Symphony version (Victor 11-8238). Mitropoulos's performance of the beautiful Overture strains and distends for sonority and eloquence, whereas Golschmann's flows easily—with the result that Mitropoulos's breaks the piece, whereas Golschmann's completes it on one side. Then, while the recorded sound of Golschmann's performance is less sharply distinct, it has greater smoothness and refinement; and whereas everything in the Minneapolis performance is equally clear and near, in the St. Louis performance it is correctly placed in space: winds, for example, are heard from the back, strings from the front.

Bartlett and Robertson perform an Elizabethan Suite (Set X-256; \$2.50) of arrangements for two pianos of a number of pieces for virginals. Most of the pieces—Byrd's Variations on "John, Come Kisse Me Now," Farnaby's "His Conceit," "A Toye," "Tower Hill Jigge," Tune for Two Virginals, and "His Dreame," Peerson's "Fall of the Leaf," and Bull's "King's Hunting Jigge"—are no more than pleasant listening; but Byrd's wonderful "Earle of Salisbury's Pavan" is also in the volume. The pianists play them with restraint; and their performances are well-recorded.

"Chopiniana" (Set 598; \$3.50) offers orchestral transcriptions by Dimitri Rogal-Lewitzky of Chopin's "Revolutionary" Etude, C minor Nocturne, Mazurka Opus 33 No. 4, posthumous E minor Valse, and Polonaise in A flat, performed by Mitropoulos with the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra. The orchestrations are dreadful (for example, the third section of the Nocturne, with

the melody played by violins and glockenspiel); the performances are Mitropoulos atrocities; and they are poorly recorded.

Harl McDonald is one of our most prolific writers of tripe, which his position as manager of the Philadelphia Orchestra enables him to have performed by the orchestra and recorded by whatever company has it under contract; and that is all that needs to be said about his Symphonic Suite "My Country at War" (Set 592; \$3.50).



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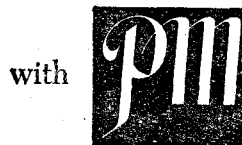
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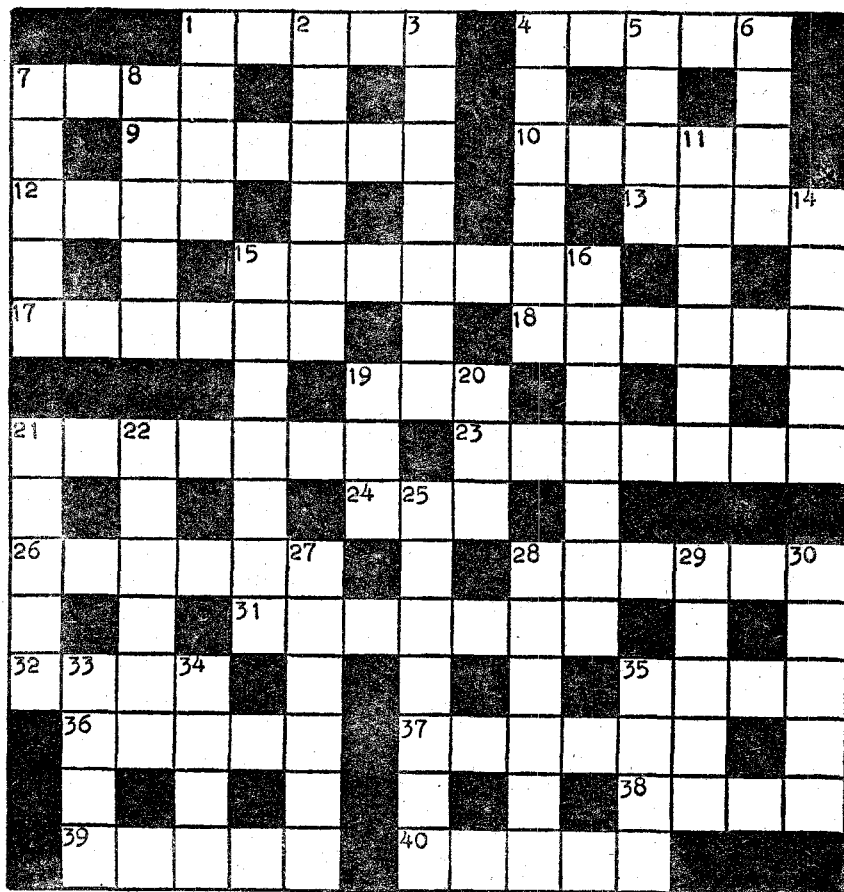
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(M-NA)

Crossword Puzzle No. 149

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

- 1 High ----- with pen and inks
- 4 Where is he?
- 7 Do not confuse the prophet with anything so transparent
- 9 Third party in the dispute
- 10 Do this to meat, not to words
- 12 A Slav
- 13 In England, a cheap place of amusement
- 15 The outlook is wet, but suits the holiday guest (two words, 3 & 4)
- 17 In short, pens which write like pencils
- 18 Where the warriors never quailed (or if they did they concealed it)
- 19 A poem from P. G. Wodehouse
- 21 His Barber has been called "musical champagne"
- 23 To start the ball; but not the first step in the dance
- 24 An astringent
- 26 Some may be strikingly smart, and others smartly striking
- 28 "-----, stoic Cato, the sententious, Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius"
- 31 Big guns greet "big guns" with these
- 32 Toppers
- 35 Tell me, what is "lobscouse"?
- 36 The Wild Men of Borneo
- 37 Casket chosen by the Prince of Morocco
- 38 A salty drop
- 39 Wood in which Rosalind bravely wore the breeches
- 40 A half-witted Barnaby

DOWN

- 1 Is this what makes the door stick?
- 2 Spreads by rumor

- 3 Pigeon-holed
- 4 The thought-bound Dane
- 5 "A wave of the ocean, a bird on the ----!"
- 6 Free composition
- 7 Author of the Mosaic Law
- 8 Baldhead's nickname?
- 11 Card game, or where it may be played
- 14 A light matter
- 15 An involved argument
- 16 Sir Rupert Murgatroyd employed his leisure in persecuting them
- 19 Black gold
- 20 "A trainband captain --- was he"
- 21 Juno-esque
- 22 When "for cloth of gold you cease to care," up goes the price of this
- 25 We can never grow this
- 27 He accounted for 1,000 Philistines
- 28 Restored to health
- 29 May account for that faint chlorine odor in the air
- 30 Drink you may have cried for
- 33 Mr. Kremlin had only one, and that was wrong
- 34 The port is bespoken
- 35 Outdoor festivity

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 148

ACROSS:—1 DESOLATION; 6 BALL; 10 POPCORN; 11 DIABOLO; 12 SUPERMAN; 13 FROTH; 15 RUSSE; 17 NEOLOGIAN; 19 GODDESSES; 21 ELSIE; 23 LEAVE; 24 AVERSION; 27 ELUSIVE; 28 BUTCHER; 29 YEAR; 30 FOLDED ARMS.

DOWN:—1 DIPS; 2 ST. PAUL'S; 3 LOOSE; 4 TENEMENTS; 5 OLDEN; 7 AMOROSI; 8 LION HUNTER; 9 CALF-LOVE; 14 ART GALLERY; 16 EXEGESIS; 18 OYSTER BED; 20 DRACULA; 22 SMOTHER; 24 ALEDO; 25 SATIATED; 26 ARTS.

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